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"MY DOOR FLEW OPEN AND SIR DOMINICK RUSHED IN."

(See page 306.)

# THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

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## *Round the Fire.*

### XII.—THE STORY OF THE BROWN HAND.

By A. CONAN DOYLE.



EVERYONE knows that Sir Dominick Holden, the famous Indian surgeon, made me his heir, and that his death changed me in an hour from a hard-working and impecunious medical man to a well-to-do landed proprietor. Many know also that there were at least five people between the inheritance and me, and that Sir Dominick's selection appeared to be altogether arbitrary and whimsical. I can assure them, however, that they are quite mistaken, and that, although I only knew Sir Dominick in the closing years of his life, there were none the less very real reasons why he should show his goodwill towards me. As a matter of fact, though I say it myself, no man ever did more for another than I did for my Indian uncle. I cannot expect the story to be believed, but it is so singular that I should feel that it was a breach of duty if I did not put it upon record so here it is, and your belief or incredulity is your own affair.

Sir Dominick Holden, C.B., K.C.S.I., and I don't know what besides, was the most distinguished Indian surgeon of his day. In the Army originally, he afterwards settled down into civil practice in Bombay, and visited as a consultant every part of India. His name is best remembered in connection with the Oriental Hospital, which he founded and supported. The time came, however, when his iron constitution began to show signs of the long strain to which he had subjected it, and his brother practitioners (who were not, perhaps, entirely

disinterested upon the point) were unanimous in recommending him to return to England. He held on as long as he could, but at last he developed nervous symptoms of a very pronounced character, and so came back, a broken man, to his native county of Wiltshire. He bought a considerable estate with an ancient manor-house upon the edge of Salisbury Plain, and devoted his old age to the study of Comparative Pathology, which had been his learned hobby all his life, and in which he was a foremost authority.

We of the family were, as may be imagined, much excited by the news of the return of this rich and childless uncle to England. On his part, although by no means exuberant in his hospitality, he showed some sense of his duty to his relations, and each of us in turn had an invitation to visit him. From the accounts of my cousins it appeared to be a melancholy business, and it was with mixed feelings that I at last received my own summons to appear at Rodenhurst. My wife was so carefully excluded in the invitation that my first impulse was to refuse it, but the interests of the children had to be considered, and so, with her consent, I set out one October afternoon upon my visit to Wiltshire, with little thought of what that visit was to entail.

My uncle's estate was situated where the arable land of the plains begins to swell upwards into the rounded chalk hills which are characteristic of the county. As I drove from Dinton Station in the waning light of that autumn day, I was impressed by the weird nature of the scenery. The few

scattered cottages of the peasants were so dwarfed by the huge evidences of prehistoric life, that the present appeared to be a dream and the past to be the obtrusive and masterful reality. The road wound through the valleys, formed by a succession of grassy hills, and the summit of each was cut and carved into the most elaborate fortifications, some circular and some square, but all on a scale which has defied the winds and the rains of many centuries. Some call them Roman and some British, but their true origin and the reasons for this particular tract of country being so interlaced with entrenchments have never been finally made clear. Here and there on the long, smooth, olive-coloured slopes there rose small rounded barrows or tumuli. Beneath them lie the cremated ashes of the race which cut so deeply into the hills, but their graves tell us nothing save that a jar full of dust represents the man who once laboured under the sun.

It was through this weird country that I approached my uncle's residence of Rodenhurst, and the house was, as I found, in due keeping with its surroundings. Two broken and weather-stained pillars, each surmounted by a mutilated heraldic emblem, flanked the entrance to a neglected drive. A cold wind whistled through the elms which lined it, and the air was full of the drifting leaves. At the far end, under the gloomy arch of trees, a single yellow lamp burned steadily. In the dim half-light of the coming night I saw a long, low building stretching out two irregular wings, with deep eaves, a sloping gambrel roof, and walls which were criss-crossed with timber balks in the fashion of the Tudors. The cheery light of a fire flickered in the broad, latticed window to the left of the low-porched door, and this, as it proved, marked the study of my uncle, for it was thither that I was led by his butler in order to make my host's acquaintance.

He was cowering over his fire, for the

moist chill of an English autumn had set him shivering. His lamp was unlit, and I only saw the red glow of the embers beating upon a huge, craggy face, with a Red Indian nose and cheek, and deep furrows and seams from eye to chin, the sinister marks of hidden volcanic fires. He sprang up at my entrance with something of an old-world courtesy and welcomed me warmly to Rodenhurst. At the same time I was conscious, as the lamp was carried in, that it was a very critical pair of light blue eyes which looked out at me from under shaggy eyebrows, like scouts beneath a bush, and that this outlandish uncle of mine was carefully reading off my character with all the ease of a practised



"HE WELCOMED ME WARMLY TO RODENHURST."

observer and an experienced man of the world.

For my part I looked at him, and looked again, for I had never seen a man whose appearance was more fitted to hold one's attention. His figure was the framework of a giant, but he had fallen away until his coat dangled straight down in a shocking fashion from a pair of broad and bony shoulders. All his limbs were huge

and yet emaciated, and I could not take my gaze from his knobby wrists, and long, gnarled hands. But his eyes—those peering light blue eyes—they were the most arresting of any of his peculiarities. It was not their colour alone, nor was it the ambush of hair in which they lurked; but it was the expression which I read in them. For the appearance and hearing of the man were masterful, and one expected a certain corresponding arrogance in his eyes, but instead of that I read the look which tells of a spirit cowed and crushed, the furtive, expectant look of the dog whose master has taken the whip from the rack. I formed my own medical diagnosis upon one glance at those critical and yet appealing eyes. I believed that he was stricken with some mortal ailment, that he knew himself to be exposed to sudden death, and that he lived in terror of it. Such was my judgment—a false one, as the event showed; but I mention it that it may help you to realize the look which I read in his eyes.

My uncle's welcome was, as I have said, a courteous one, and in an hour or so I found myself seated between him and his wife at a comfortable dinner, with curious pungent delicacies upon the table, and a stealthy, quick-eyed Oriental waiter behind his chair. The old couple had come round to that tragic imitation of the dawn of life when husband and wife, having lost or scattered all those who were their intimates, find themselves face to face and alone once more, their work done, and the end nearing fast. Those who have reached that stage in sweetness and love, who can change their winter into a gentle Indian summer, have come as victors through the ordeal of life. Lady Holden was a small, alert woman, with a kindly eye, and her expression as she glanced at him was a certificate of character to her husband. And yet, though I read a mutual love in their glances, I read also a mutual horror, and recognised in her face some reflection of that stealthy fear which I detected in his. Their talk was sometimes merry and sometimes sad, but there was a forced note in their merriment and a naturalness in their sadness which told me that a heavy heart beat upon either side of me.

We were sitting over our first glass of wine, and the servants had left the room, when the conversation took a turn which produced a remarkable effect upon my host and hostess. I cannot recall what it was which started the topic of the supernatural, but it ended in my showing them that the abnormal in psychical

experiences was a subject to which I had, like many neurologists, devoted a great deal of attention. I concluded by narrating my experiences when, as a member of the Psychical Research Society, I had formed one of a committee of three who spent the night in a haunted house. Our adventures were neither exciting nor convincing, but, such as it was, the story appeared to interest my auditors in a remarkable degree. They listened with an eager silence, and I caught a look of intelligence between them which I could not understand. Lady Holden immediately afterwards rose and left the room.

Sir Dominick pushed the cigar-box over to me, and we smoked for some little time in silence. That huge bony hand of his was twitching as he raised it with his cheroot to his lips, and I felt that the man's nerves were vibrating like fiddle-strings. My instincts told me that he was on the verge of some intimate confidence, and I feared to speak lest I should interrupt it. At last he turned towards me with a spasmodic gesture like a man who throws his last scruple to the winds.

"From the little that I have seen of you it appears to me, Dr. Hardacre," said he, "that you are the very man I have wanted to meet."

"I am delighted to hear it, sir."

"Your head seems to be cool and steady. You will acquit me of any desire to flatter you, for the circumstances are too serious to permit of insincerities. You have some special knowledge upon these subjects, and you evidently view them from that philosophical standpoint which robs them of all vulgar terror. I presume that the sight of an apparition would not seriously discompose you?"

"I think not, sir."

"Would even interest you, perhaps?"

"Most intensely."

"As a psychical observer, you would probably investigate it in as impersonal a fashion as an astronomer investigates a wandering comet?"

"Precisely."

He gave a heavy sigh.

"Believe me, Dr. Hardacre, there was a time when I could have spoken as you do now. My nerve was a by-word in India. Even the Mutiny never shook it for an instant. And yet you see what I am reduced to—the most timorous man, perhaps, in all this county of Wiltshire. Do not speak too bravely upon this subject, or you may find yourself subjected to as long-drawn a test as I am—a test which can only end in the madhouse or the grave."

I waited patiently until he should see fit to go further in his confidence. His preamble had, I need not say, filled me with interest and expectation.

"For some years, Dr. Hardacre," he continued, "my life and that of my wife have been made miserable by a cause which is so grotesque that it borders upon the ludicrous. And yet familiarity has never made it more easy to bear—on the contrary, as time passes my nerves become more worn and shattered by the constant attrition. If you have no physical fears, Dr. Hardacre, I should very

would be as well to guard against them in advance."

"What shall I do, then?"

"I will tell you. Would you mind following me this way?" He led me out of the dining-room and down a long passage until we came to a terminal door. Inside there was a large bare room fitted as a laboratory, with numerous scientific instruments and bottles. A shelf ran along one side, upon which there stood a long line of glass jars containing pathological and anatomical specimens.

"You see that I still dabble in some of my old studies," said Sir Dominick. "These jars are the remains of what was once a most excellent collection, but unfortunately I lost the greater part of them when my house was burned down in Bombay in '92. It was a most unfortunate affair for me—in more ways than one. I had examples of many very rare conditions, and my splenic collection was probably unique. These are the survivors."

I glanced over them, and saw that they really were of a very great value and rarity from a pathological point of view: bloated organs, gaping cysts, distorted bones, odious parasites—a singular exhibition of the products of India.

"There is, as you see, a small settee here," said my host. "It was far from our intention to offer a guest so menagre an accommodation, but since affairs have taken

much value your opinion upon this phenomenon which troubles us so."

"For what it is worth my opinion is entirely at your service. May I ask the nature of the phenomenon?"

"I think that your experiences will have a higher evidential value if you are not told in advance what you may expect to encounter. You are yourself aware of the quibbles of unconscious cerebration and subjective impressions with which a scientific sceptic may throw a doubt upon your statement. It

this turn, it would be a great kindness upon your part if you would consent to spend the night in this apartment. I beg that you will not hesitate to let me know if the idea should be at all repugnant to you."

"On the contrary," I said, "it is most acceptable."

"My own room is the second on the left, so that if you should feel that you are in need of company a call would always bring me to your side."



"AS TIME PASSES MY NERVES BECOME MORE WORN AND SHATTERED."

"I trust that I shall not be compelled to disturb you."

"It is unlikely that I shall be asleep. I do not sleep much. Do not hesitate to summon me."

And so with this agreement we joined Lady Holden in the drawing-room and talked of lighter things.

It was no affectation upon my part to say that the prospect of my night's adventure was an agreeable one. I have no pretence to greater physical courage than my neighbours, but familiarity with a subject robs it of those vague and undefined terrors which are the most appalling to the imaginative mind. The human brain is capable of only one strong emotion at a time, and if it be filled with curiosity or scientific enthusiasm, there is no room for fear. It is true that I had my uncle's assurance that he had himself originally taken this point of view, but I reflected that the breakdown of his nervous system might be due to his forty years in India as much as to any psychical experiences which had befallen him. I at least was sound in nerve and brain, and it was with something of the pleasurable thrill of anticipation with which the sportsman takes his position beside the haunt of his game that I shut the laboratory door behind me, and partially undressing, lay down upon the rug-covered settee.

It was not an ideal atmosphere for a bedroom. The air was heavy with many chemical odours, that of methylated spirit predominating. Nor were the decorations of my chamber very sedative. The odious line of glass jars with their relics of disease and suffering stretched in front of my very eyes. There was no blind to the window, and a three-quarter moon streamed its white light into the room, tracing a silver square with filigree lattices upon the opposite wall. When I had extinguished my candle this one bright patch in the midst of the general gloom had certainly an eerie and discomposing aspect. A rigid and absolute silence reigned throughout the old house, so that the low swish of the branches in the garden came softly

and soothingly to my ears. It may have been the hypnotic lullaby of this gentle susur-rus, or it may have been the result of my tiring day, but after many dozings and many efforts to regain my clearness of perception, I fell at last into a deep and dreamless sleep.

I was awakened by some sound in the room, and I instantly raised myself upon my elbow on the couch. Some hours had passed, for the square patch upon the wall had slid downwards and sideways until it lay obliquely at the end of my bed. The rest of the room was in deep shadow. At first I could see nothing, but presently, as my eyes became accustomed to the faint light, I was aware, with a thrill which all my scientific absorption could not entirely prevent, that something was moving slowly along the line of the wall. A gentle, shuffling sound, as of soft slippers, came to my ears, and I dimly discerned a human figure walking stealthily from the direction of the door. As it emerged into the patch of



"HIS EYES WERE CAST UPWARDS TOWARDS THE LINE OF BOTTLES."

moonlight I saw very clearly what it was and how it was employed. It was a man, short and squat, dressed in some sort of dark grey gown, which hung straight from his shoulders to his feet. The moon shone upon the side of his face, and I saw that it was chocolate-brown in colour, with a ball of black hair like a woman's at the back of his head. He walked slowly, and his eyes were cast upwards towards the line of bottles which contained those gruesome remnants of humanity. He seemed to examine each jar with attention, and then to pass on to the next. When he had come to the end of the line, immediately opposite my bed, he stopped, faced me, threw up his hands with a gesture of despair, and vanished from my sight.

I have said that he threw up his hands, but I should have said his arms, for as he assumed that attitude of despair I observed a singular peculiarity about his appearance. He had only one hand! As the sleeves drooped down from the upflung arms I saw the left plainly, but the right ended in a knobby and unsightly stump. In every other way his appearance

was so natural, and I had both seen and heard him so clearly, that I could easily have believed that he was an Indian servant of Sir Dominick's who had come into my room in search of something. It was only his sudden disappearance which would have suggested anything more sinister to me. As it was I sprang from my couch, lit a candle, and examined the whole room carefully. There were no signs of my visitor, and I was forced to conclude that there had really been something outside the normal

laws of Nature in his appearance. I lay awake for the remainder of the night, but nothing else occurred to disturb me.

I am an early riser, but my uncle was an even earlier one, for I found him pacing up and down the lawn at the side of the house. He ran towards me in his eagerness when he saw me come out from the door.

"Well, well!" he cried. "Did you see him?"

"An Indian with one hand?"

"Precisely."

"Yes, I saw him"—and I told him all that occurred. When I had finished, he led the way into his study.

"We have a little time before breakfast," said he. "It will suffice to give you an explanation of this extraordinary affair—so far as I can explain that which is essentially inexplicable. In the first place, when I tell you that for four years I have never passed one single night, either in Bombay, a board ship, or here in England without my sleep being broken by this fellow, you will understand why it is that I am a wreck of my former self. His programme

is always the same. He appears by my bedside, shakes me roughly by the shoulder, passes from my room into the laboratory, walks slowly along the line of my bottles, and then vanishes. For more than a thousand times he has gone through the same routine."

"What does he want?"

"He wants his hand."

"His hand?"

"Yes, it came about in this way. I was summoned to Peshawar for a consultation some ten years ago, and while there I was



"I TOLD HIM ALL THAT HAD OCCURRED."



asked to look at the hand of a native who was passing through with an Afghan caravan. The fellow came from some mountain tribe living away at the back of beyond somewhere on the other side of Kafiristan. He talked a bastard Pushtoo, and it was all I could do to understand him. He was suffering from a soft sarcomatous swelling of one of the metacarpal joints, and I made him realise that it was only by losing his hand that he could hope to save his life. After much persuasion he consented to the operation, and he asked me, when it was over, what fee I demanded. The poor fellow was almost a beggar, so that the idea of a fee was absurd, but I answered in jest that my fee should be his hand, and that I proposed to add it to my pathological collection.

"To my surprise he demurred very much to the suggestion, and he explained that according to his religion it was an all-important matter that the body should be reunited after death, and so make a perfect dwelling for the spirit. The belief is, of course, an old one, and the mummies of the Egyptians arose from an analogous superstition. I answered him that his hand was already off, and asked him how he intended to preserve it. He replied that he would pickle it in salt and carry it about with him. I suggested that it might be safer in my keeping than in his, and that I had better means than salt for preserving it. On realising that I really intended to carefully keep it, his opposition vanished instantly. 'But remember, sahib,' said he, 'I shall want it back when I am dead.' I laughed at the remark, and so the matter ended. I returned to my practice, and he no doubt in the course of time was able to continue his journey to Afghanistan.

"Well, as I told you last night, I had a bad fire in my house at Bombay. Half of it was burned down, and, among other things, my pathological collection was largely destroyed. What you see are the poor remains of it. The hand of the hillman went with the rest, but I gave the matter no particular thought at the time. That was six years ago.

"Four years ago—two years after the fire—I was awakened one night by a furious tugging at my sleeve. I sat up under the impression that my favourite mastiff was trying to arouse me. Instead of this, I saw my Indian patient of long age, dressed in the long grey gown which was the badge of his people. He was holding up his stump and looking reproachfully at me. He then went

over to my bottles, which at that time I kept in my room, and he examined them carefully, after which he gave a gesture of anger and vanished. I realized that he had just died, and that he had come to claim my promise that I should keep his limb in safety for him.

"Well, there you have it all, Dr. Hardacre. Every night at the same hour for four years this performance has been repeated. It is a simple thing in itself, but it has worn me out like water dropping on a stone. It has brought a vile insomnia with it, for I cannot sleep now for the expectation of his coming. It has poisoned my old age and that of my wife, who has been the sharer in this great trouble. But there is the breakfast gong, and she will be waiting impatiently to know how it fared with you last night. We are both much indebted to you for your gallantry, for it takes something from the weight of our misfortune when we share it, even for a single night, with a friend, and it reassures us as to our sanity, which we are sometimes driven to question."

This was the curious narrative which Sir Dominick confided to me—a story which to many would have appeared to be a grotesque impossibility, but which, after my experience of the night before, and my previous knowledge of such things, I was prepared to accept as an absolute fact. I thought deeply over the matter, and brought the whole range of my reading and experience to bear upon it. After breakfast, I surprised my host and hostess by announcing that I was returning to London by the next train.

"My dear doctor," cried Sir Dominick, in great distress, "you make me feel that I have been guilty of a gross breach of hospitality in intruding this unfortunate matter upon you. I should have borne my own burden."

"It is, indeed, that matter which is taking me to London," I answered; "but you are mistaken, I assure you, if you think that my experience of last night was an unpleasant one to me. On the contrary, I am about to ask your permission to return in the evening and spend one more night in your laboratory. I am very eager to see this visitor once again."

My uncle was exceedingly anxious to know what I was about to do, but my fears of raising false hopes prevented me from telling him. I was back in my own consulting-room a little after luncheon, and was confirming my memory of a passage in a recent book upon occultism which had arrested my attention when I read it.

"In the case of earth-bound spirits," said



"A SECRET THING, COME TRUE!"

my authority, "some one dominant idea obsessing them at the hour of death is sufficient to hold them to this material world. They are the amphibians of this life and of the next, capable of passing from one to the other as the turtle passes from land to water. The causes which may bind a soul so strongly to a life which its body has abandoned are any violent emotion. Avarice, revenge, anxiety, love, and pity have all been known to have this effect. As a rule it springs from some unfulfilled wish, and when the wish has been fulfilled the material bond relaxes. There are many cases upon record which show the singular persistence of these visitors, and also their disappearance when their wishes have been fulfilled, or in some cases when a reasonable compromise has been effected."

"A reasonable compromise effected"—those were the words which I had brooded over all the morning, and which I now verified in the original. No actual atonement could be made here—but a reasonable compromise! I made my way as fast as a train could take me to the Shadwell Seamen's Hospital, where my old friend Jack Hewett was house-surgeon. Without explaining the situation I made him understand exactly what it was that I wanted.

"A brown man's hand!" said he, in

amazement. "What in the world do you want that for?"

"Never mind. I'll tell you some day. I know that your wards are full of Indians."

"I should think so. But a hand——" He thought a little and then struck a bell.

"Travers," said he to a student-dresser, "what became of the hands of the Lascar which we took off yesterday? I mean the fellow from the East India Dock who got caught in the steam winch."

"They are in the post-mortem room, sir."

"Just pack one of them in antiseptics and give it to Dr. Hardacre."

And so I found myself back at Rodenhurst before dinner with this curious outcome of my day in town. I still said nothing to Sir Dominick, but I slept that night in the laboratory, and I placed the Lascar's hand in one of the glass jars at the end of my couch.

So interested was I in the result of my experiment that sleep was out of the question. I sat with a shaded lamp beside me and waited patiently for my visitor. This time I saw him clearly from the first. He appeared beside the door, nebulous for an instant, and

then hardening into as distinct an outline as any living man. The slippers beneath his grey gown were red and heelless, which accounted for the low, shuffling sound which he made as he walked. As on the previous night he passed slowly along the line of bottles until he paused before that which contained the hand. He reached up to it, his whole figure quivering with expectation, took it down, examined it eagerly, and then, with a face which was convulsed with fury and disappointment, he hurled it down on to the floor. There was a crash which resounded through the house, and when I looked up the mutilated Indian had disappeared. A moment later my door flew open and Sir Dominick rushed in.

"You are not hurt?" he cried.

"No—but deeply disappointed."

He looked in astonishment at the splinters of glass, and the brown hand lying upon the floor.

"Good God!" he cried. "What is this?"

I told him my idea and its wretched sequel. He listened intently, but shook his head.

"It was well thought of," said he, "but I fear that there is no such easy end to my sufferings. But one thing I now insist upon. It is that you shall never again upon any

pretext occupy this room. My fears that something might have happened to you—when I heard that crash—have been the most acute of all the agonies which I have undergone. I will not expose myself to a repetition of it."

He allowed me, however, to spend the remainder of that night where I was, and I lay there worrying over the problem and lamenting my own failure. With the first light of morning there was the Lascar's hand still lying upon the floor to remind me of my fiasco. I lay looking at it—and as I lay suddenly an idea flew like a bullet through

in the *post-mortem* room. And so I returned to Rodenhurst in the evening with my mission accomplished and the material for a fresh experiment.

But Sir Dominick Holden would not hear of my occupying the laboratory again. To all my entreaties he turned a deaf ear. It offended his sense of hospitality, and he could no longer permit it. I left the hand, therefore, as I had done its fellow the night before, and I occupied a comfortable bedroom in another portion of the house, some distance from the scene of my adventures.

But in spite of that my sleep was not



"IN THE DEAR OF THE NIGHT HE FIRST HEENT INTO MY ROOM."

my head and brought me quivering with excitement out of my couch. I raised the grim relic from where it had fallen. Yes, it was indeed so. The hand was the *left* hand of the Lascar.

By the first train I was on my way to town, and hurried at once to the Seamen's Hospital. I remembered that both hands of the Lascar had been amputated, but I was terrified lest the precious organ which I was in search of might have been already consumed in the crematory. My suspense was soon ended. It had still been preserved

destined to be uninterrupted. In the dead of the night my host burst into my room, a lamp in his hand. His huge gaunt figure was enveloped in a loose dressing-gown, and his whole appearance might certainly have seemed more formidable to a weak-nerved man than that of the Indian of the night before. But it was not his entrance so much as his expression which amazed me. He had turned suddenly younger by twenty years at the least. His eyes were shining, his features radiant, and he waved one hand in triumph over his head. I sat up astounded, staring

sleepily at this extraordinary visitor. But his words soon drove the sleep from my eyes.

"We have done it! We have succeeded!" he shouted. "My dear Hardacre, how can I ever in this world repay you?"

"You don't mean to say that it is all right?"

"Indeed I do. I was sure that you would not mind being awakened to hear such blessed news."

"Mind! I should think not indeed. But is it really certain?"

"I have no doubt whatever upon the point. I owe you such a debt, my dear nephew, as I never owed a man before, and never expected to. What can I possibly do for you that is commensurate? Providence must have sent you to my rescue. You have saved both my reason and my life, for another six months of this must have seen me either in a cell or a coffin. And my wife—it was wearing her out before my eyes. Never could I have believed that any human being could have lifted this burden off me." He seized my hand and wrung it in his bony grip.

"It was only an experiment—a forlorn hope—but I am delighted from my heart that it has succeeded. But how do you know that all is right? Have you seen something?"

He seated himself at the foot of my bed.

"I have seen enough," said he. "It satisfies me that I shall be troubled no more. What has passed is easily told. You know that at a certain hour this creature always comes to me. To-night he arrived at the usual time, and aroused me with even more violence than is his custom. I can only surmise that his disappointment of last night

increased the bitterness of his anger against me. He looked angrily at me and then went on his usual round. But in a few minutes I saw him, for the first time since this persecution began, return to my chamber. He was smiling. I saw the gleam of his white teeth through the dim light. He stood facing me at the end of my bed, and three times he made the low Eastern salaam which is their solemn leave-taking. And the third time that he bowed he raised his arms over his head, and I saw his *two* hands outstretched in the air. So he vanished, and, as I believe, for ever."

So that is the curious experience which won me the affection and the gratitude of my celebrated uncle, the famous Indian surgeon. His anticipations were realized, and never again was he disturbed by the visits of the restless hillman in search of his lost member. Sir Dominick and Lady Holden spent a very happy old age, unclouded, as far as I know, by any trouble, and they finally died during the great influenza epidemic within a few weeks of each other. In his lifetime he always turned to me for advice in everything which concerned that English life of which he knew so little; and I aided him also in the purchase and development of his estates. It was no great surprise to me, therefore, that I found myself eventually promoted over the heads of five exasperated cousins, and changed in a single day from a hard-working country doctor into the head of an important Wiltshire family. I at least have reason to bless the memory of the man with the brown hand, and the day when I was fortunate enough to relieve Rodenhurst of his unwelcome presence.

## Illustrated Interviews.

### LXIV. MR. A. C. MACLAREN.

By FRED. W. WARD.

**I**T is a generally accepted fact that, like a poet, a cricketer is born, not made. The art of batting, or of bowling, generally runs in the family: "like father, like son." If this should not be the case, the schoolboy gives promise of the man. The lad who scores freely, or performs the bat trick with the ball, passes on to his county eleven. Sometimes he comes off, as they remark in cricket parlance; more frequently, however, he fails to do himself justice, and is, perhaps, relegated to the second eleven before he is permitted to again pit his strength against his competitors.

There are exceptions to every rule, however. Mr. W. G. Grace never looked back after he had once secured county honours. Mr. A. C. MacLaren may fairly say he has done likewise. He played a great innings for his county when he was first included in the team, and beyond a doubt Lancashire is weakened by more than I care to say when the Old Harrovian is missing from her ranks.

Mr. MacLaren, although he has visited the Antipodes twice, is yet under thirty. To be exact, he was born on December 1st, 1871, so that at the present time he is but twenty-eight years of age. As a schoolboy he displayed remarkable aptitude for the game, but did not come before the public prominently until the Eton v. Harrow match of 1887. Even at that early date Mr. MacLaren displayed all the finish of an experienced batsman: possibly he possessed even more polish then

than now, but he lacked generalship and hitting power. Be that as it may, he was the top scorer for his side in either innings with 55 and 67, but despite these individual efforts, Harrow lost by five wickets.

In 1888, however, his school defeated Eton by 156 runs. Curiously enough, Mr. MacLaren had very little to do with this result, for he made but 0 (that dreaded duck!) and 4, while his ill-fortune pursued him a twelve-month later, Harrow gaining an easy victory, while he scored but 17 and 16.

Still, every cloud has its silver lining, and this form was far too bad to be true. In 1890 Mr. MacLaren captained the Harrow eleven against Eton. He was the first to go to the wickets, but he was also the seventh to leave.

He hit the bowling to all parts of the field; the spectators of this ultra fashionable fixture were never provided with better value for their time spent round the ring; the young batsman had made 76 before he returned to the pavilion.

This performance naturally placed the seal of excellence upon his play, and he was asked to represent Lancashire in her county fixtures. Mr. MacLaren came, saw, and conquered, for against Sussex at Brighton on August 14th he hit up what was practically a faultless 108. How many players are there who have effected a similar performance, coming into county cricket from a public school style of play? I can recollect no other.

Following Mr. Hornby and Mr. Crosfield, Mr. MacLaren was elected captain of the Lancashire



MR. MACLAREN, AGED 6 MONTHS.  
From a Photo by Arthur E. Fox, Manchester.



MR. MACLAREN, AGED 12 MONTHS.  
From a Photo by Arthur E. Fox, Manchester.

team, and in 1895 scored the highest individual innings yet made in first-class cricket. Playing against Somerset, at Taunton, in July, he compiled 424 runs, thus beating the 344 standing to the credit of Mr. W. G. Grace by a no uncertain margin.

Prior to this, however, Mr. MacLaren had toured through Australia as one of Mr. A. E. Stoddart's eleven. He was a success, for he secured the second place upon the batting averages: 47.4 for twenty innings in eleven a-side matches, and 40.9 for thirty-three innings, all matches played being considered. More than that, he was also busy amongst the "centurions"—if I may be pardoned for the use of the word. Against Victoria, on November 16th, he placed 228—his highest total for the tour—against his name, this being followed by 106 v. Queensland and New South Wales on February 15th, and 120 against Australia, at Melbourne, on March 1st.

Mr. MacLaren's performances for his county need no comment from me, but I may just touch briefly upon his last Australian tour. He wooed and won his bride "down under," and he never played better cricket in his life than when last at the Antipodes. We were fairly and squarely beaten in the test matches, I am ready to admit that; but Mr. MacLaren can look back upon the visit with feelings of unalloyed satisfaction.

In the five test matches he was at the head of the batting averages with 54.22 runs for ten innings, 124 being his highest contribution. In the eleven a-side matches his average was 54.37 for twenty innings, and in all matches 54.34 for twenty-eight innings.

These figures speak for themselves, but I may add Mr. MacLaren was also responsible for exactly half-a-dozen centuries during the tour: 181 v. Thirteen of Queensland and New South Wales; 142 v. New South Wales;

140 v. New South Wales (the return match); 124 v. Australia, at Adelaide; 109 v. Australia, at Sydney; and 100 v. New South Wales, also at Sydney.

Returning home, the Lancashire captain could only take part in six of the county fixtures. In these he secured an average of 23.30, with 76 as his highest contribution. But he was as dashing as of old while at the wicket, and even smarter in the field. At slip or at cover he appears to judge the flight of the ball unerringly, while boundary after boundary is saved by the manner in which he picks up the fastest cut, snick, or drive with either hand. I was ruminating over these things as the South-Western express whirled me away over the gleaming metals to Wokingham, where, in a delightful old countryside mansion, Mr. MacLaren has established himself



MR. MACLAREN, AGED 6.  
From a Photo by Lepton, Manchester.

the heart of as delightful scenery as may well be met with within a hundred miles of London.

There, in his study, he sat and chatted over cricket matters. The Lancashire eleven, the great scene at the Oval after the finish of the last test match there—these and kindred pictures reflected the ruddy fireglow from the walls. Outside, the sun was throwing its rays athwart the gravelled drive; there was the indefinite hum inseparable from the country, the missel thrushes and the blackbirds disported themselves among the trees, just budding into life; while, stranger still, the red coat and bushy tail of a squirrel could be seen just at the edge of the copse that ran down to the barn.

But this is not cricket. I must drag myself away. The memory of the Harrow v. Eton match I have already referred to was crowing my mind. I lost no time, but, plunging directly into my subject, wondered what the Lancashire captain thought of public school cricket of these days. Did it compare favourably with days that are just

and gone? Mr. MacLaren hesitated slightly ere he replied. But there were no signs of hesitation when he was once induced to talk.

"No," he remarked; "I really do not think public school cricket, as cricket, has advanced since a few years back. I can naturally only speak of Harrow personally; yet what do we find? That year by year these public school matches remain drawn; they are not finished in the time allowed for their decision.

"And why? That is a difficult question to answer. My own opinion is, gained by watching the boys at the game, that their batting is as good as, or maybe better than, ever, but there is a marked falling off in the class of bowling. Bowling is very moderate, to say the least of it.

"Of course, it is much easier to teach a boy how to bat than to teach him how to become a successful bowler. It is quite possible to make a batsman, provided the boy is willing to listen to the hints, and possesses some idea of the game; but the best coach cannot make a successful bowler.

"In saying this, I may explain that you can give a boy hints in bowling, but he must be born, not made. He may be told a few things, how to place his feet as he delivers the ball, and what length of run is best to take; but he cannot be made a real bowler under these conditions unless he has an inclination for that kind of work. Unfortunately, too, a school-boy does not, as a rule, take so kindly to bowling as to batting. There is not the same pleasure in bowling from his point of view: he has not the same inducement in attempting to secure wickets, and as a natural consequence, public school bowling, I am sorry to say, is becoming worse, instead of better, every year. I am sorry to say this is the case, but it is a fact.

"As regards University cricket, I am a little diffident in touching this, seeing that I have only played about twice against Cambridge. But I think the same criticism will apply as in the public schools: that batting is advancing, while the bowling is at least standing still, if not falling off in quality.

"We get very few real bowlers from the

Varsities now. Yes, we have had Mr. C. L. Townsend, Mr. F. S. Jackson, Mr. S. M. J. Woods, and Mr. Kortright, men who are worth their places in a county team for this department alone; but what I complain of is, that we get no new blood.

"As a matter of fact, I cannot say who is their best real bowler. No, I fear they cannot produce anyone approaching the stamp of the late Mr. A. G. Steele. Of course, Mr. C. M. Wells is a good bowler, but he has left his University for a long time now. He was the last of the bowlers to come from either Oxford or Cambridge; since he left, they have produced none that might be termed really first-class."

After this expression of opinion upon what are generally looked upon as the training grounds for county cricket, it was difficult

to muster up courage sufficient to enable me to suggest amateur cricket as a whole.

But Mr. MacLaren reassured me at once.

"Amateur cricket," he opined, "is improving, and in this way there are more good cricketers now than there were in the past. But" (and here he qualified it) "the players of the present day are no better than they were twenty years ago. There are more of them, that is all. There are more good batsmen to-day than there were at the time I have mentioned, but that may be explained by the growth of the game. The bowling, I think, must have

been better then than now, and when the best elevens are contrasted there is very little difference to be discovered, the improvements in the grounds also being taken into consideration.

"Briefly, our batsmen now are as good as the old ones, but there are more of them; the class of cricket is just about the same, but the All England eleven of 1879 was about as good as we could place in the field now, possibly better.

"Yes, I feel constrained to admit that the class of all-round bowling in county cricket is to-day much below the average. Indeed, there are not so many good bowlers now as there were five years ago. It is impossible, or it appears to be, to discover new bowlers of any degree of excellence, Rhodes, of



MR. MACLAREN, AGED 19.  
From a Photo. by F. Dixon, Manchester.

Yorkshire, being the exception. Of late years, what have we found? That a young bowler of more than average form is a *rara avis*. Look at Lancashire, for instance. She hasn't discovered one really good bowler during the past five years.

"Yet what a contrast we find in Australia. They have got some bowlers; it will take our very best All England side to beat them this coming summer. They will, of course, be without poor Harry Trott, the finest captain and one of the best fellows I have ever met. But it will be found, I think, the best eleven Australia has ever sent across to this country, and one that will require considerable beating."

"That is consoling," I remarked; "but cannot we expect something from our professional players?"

"Well," was Mr. MacLaren's rejoinder, "we are certainly getting more professionals every year. My idea is that the amateurs are steadily decreasing in numbers, while the professionals are becoming much finer players. Yes, it is very difficult to say whether they are better in bowling or in batting."

"It is more like an all-round improvement, but I will say this, there are more professionals capable of getting a hundred runs against the best bowling than was formerly the case."

"Certainly; the professional bowlers are far in-advance of the amateurs. Why? I suppose it must be that they take more trouble over it. A large number know that their livelihood depends upon their ability to get wickets, so they try their hardest to reach the highest standard of excellence. That is how I judge matters, my opinion being formed from the men I play against."

"Bowlers are of two classes: head bowlers,

men who bowl with their heads; and mechanical bowlers. Which is best? The former, without a doubt."

"This is where the Australians are so much ahead of us in their own country. Their wickets are dry and hard, and it is useless for a man to keep on bowling dead on the wicket. He must perforce use his judgment, and as a natural consequence the bowler at Sydney, or Adelaide, or any other of the Australian grounds, is obliged to try experiments in the attempt to secure a wicket. They try far more of these experiments and dodges than our bowlers here—they must do so in order to justify their reputation."

"When a batsman goes in, the bowler is continually trying some device in order to get him out, or to tempt him in some fashion. This style of play is strange to a new-comer, and he falls into the trap laid for him. Then he wonders why he could not have seen what was likely to happen. But a new man possesses very little chance of becoming a success upon Australian wickets: he has too much to learn to be able to crowd all his experience into the beginning of one tour."

"English bowlers are also at a considerable disadvantage upon an Australian wicket. The condition of the ground does not assist them, and then there is the difference in the game to be considered. The English batsman plays in a free and dashing style: the Australian will not be tempted. He knows the game will be played to a finish, he need not hurry himself; so he is cautious in every stroke he plays. Visiting bowlers would be far more successful were the home batsmen to play the game to which they had been accustomed, *but they won't*."

"The conditions of bowling are altogether different in the two countries, and a strange



MR. MACLAREN, AGED 19.  
From a Photo by E. Woodland & Co., Brighton.



team will discover the change in either. Here in England the climatic conditions, the wet weather, frequently assists the bowlers to a no uncertain extent. They are enabled to get far more work upon the ball McKibbin discovered that, when he was last here, he broke back far too much. It is a dangerous thing to prophesy about Australian bowlers, I am aware, but I fully expect them to show their real form.

"Their best performer with the ball? Hugh Trumble, without a doubt. He knows our wickets well; he is remarkably good upon his own wickets, and he uses his judgment to the best advantage. Upon a wicket that suits him he is practically unplayable, while he is a man who can be always relied upon. MacLeod, again, is another man who may be a very good bowler for them, while his performances with the bat are well-known features in his play."

It was evident Mr. MacLaren possessed a high opinion of the calibre of our visitors. No doubt he recollected the last of the English tours. To test him, however, I brought the conversation round to the subject of Australian cricket, and asked him what he thought of the all-round conditions at the Antipodes.

"We were beaten, fairly and squarely," he admitted; "but after all, we had a far more formidable task than that faced by any of the earlier elevens. On the former occasions cricket had not secured such a hold upon the Australian public. They had not been educated up to it—the game was in a transitory stage, so to speak.

"Now the case is vastly different. Cricket has been improved all round in Australia, while, as I have said before, a new man must almost entirely alter his style of play if he wishes to be a success. And some men cannot do that, consequently they fail.

"Even when he does make this alteration, it takes a very long time before he can feel

at all at home under the different conditions. It is always the same, and it by no means follows that because a man is a great player here in England he will prove an equal success in Australia.

"Far from it. First-class batsmen might prove harmless; it would take time to conform to the new order of things, and it is only natural that a player should be a greater success upon a second visit than during his first. The Australian bowling was a great factor in their success against us in the test matches. You may recollect only three centuries were scored against them, yet there are men here in England, not in the front rank, who I feel confident would get any amount of runs off their bowlers.

"But it does not follow that, because the Australians have scored hundred after hundred upon their own wickets, they will be equally successful here. They, under altered conditions, last time they were here, were dismissed cheaply on occasions, and I should like to see them get thirty runs apiece, instead of the centuries, should the pitch prove suitable for our bowlers.

"Australian cricket, taking it right through, is not on a par with county cricket here, but it is good enough, and

they will be a very great side this year. If they get fair luck, we shall need to be at our best to beat them; but should they get soft wickets, they may not be able to play upon them.

"In speaking of Australian cricket at home, it must not be forgotten that four years ago they were a very young eleven, and almost inexperienced. That is quite different now. There is twice the number of players, and they have gained a greater knowledge of the game, and how to play it to the best advantage.

"Up-country cricket during the tour of an English eleven is not looked upon in a serious light at all, I can assure you. These matches are simply considered in the nature of a picnic. The names of the players are



MR. MACLAREN, AGE 35.  
From a Photo by E. Worsley & Co., Brighton.

placed in a hat, and every man determines upon having a day out.

"Still, there is this to be said of the matches we played in the country during our last tour in Australia: the matting wickets put many of our batsmen right off their game. They had, perhaps, almost recovered from the effects of the long voyage. They would practise upon turf and then go upon matting. That would upset their form at once, and entirely.

"It is a fearful drawback to any visiting team, this playing first on turf and then on matting. If I have anything to say about the arrangements of another team and its tour in Australia, I shall most strongly deprecate the custom of playing under these conditions. We should never play upon matting at all.

"Upon the average, during our last tour, we played three of these matches in a fortnight. We found the ball came in at a lightning pace, and regulated our style accordingly.

"Then we would play another match upon the turf. That is fast enough, but not nearly so fast as matting. The Australians may smile when they read this, but I am absolutely certain several of our batsmen's failures were caused by the exchange of surface. Yes, I hope when England plays Australia again, on their own ground, it will be stipulated that turf wickets must be provided for all the fixtures entered upon, both test matches and up-country contests.

"These matches, played far away from the usual grounds, of course do a great deal of

good from a cricket point of view; that is to say, locally. But our batsmen did not attempt to do their best. Many of them got out as soon as they could. When they had made thirty or forty runs they would become reckless, simply because they did not like, playing against odds, to make too big a score. The curious thing, though, is that we met many good bowlers in these matches. That and the wicket-keeping were their strongest points. There were one or two of these up-country bowlers whom I should like to see playing for Lancashire. Their batting, on the other hand, was not of a very high-class order. But these matches were very enjoyable, after all."

After this I was somewhat chary in suggesting "spectators" as a subject for discussion, but Mr. MacLaren plunged into the matter at once.

"I regret to say the spectators behaved very badly on occasions," he admitted. "There was a great deal too much of the 'barracking' humour about them, especially at Sydney, on the occasion of our last test match there. At Melbourne, however, the crowd behaved much fairer to us. There

is a great difference between an Australian and an English crowd. The former are not nearly so generous: they do not like to see you winning. As long as they are on top they are satisfied; but if there is a prospect of their being beaten, then they commence to 'boo' and yell at the visiting players.

"There are too many critics in Australia, and, as is generally the case, those who know



MR. MACLAREN "BATTLING."  
From a Photo. by E. H. Andrews & Co., Brighton

least have the most to say. As regards the umpiring while we were there I have nothing at all to complain of. It was perfectly fair."

"But what about the number of players taken out?" I hazarded. "There was something said about too small a reserve. Was that the case?"

"No, certainly not," was Mr. MacLaren's rejoinder; "when you are forming a cricket team to tour abroad you cannot take more than thirteen. When you play your first match upon Australian soil, let us suppose the side makes a total of 400 or 500 runs. That is not at all improbable, seeing the scoring that has occurred during the progress of the recent inter-Colonial fixtures. Every man of the side makes from 55 to 56 runs apiece.

"Who are you to leave out? Why, you cannot take a batsman out of the team who can score to the extent I have mentioned, and the result is that you have about four men looking on, match after match, with but a very slight chance of their being given a trial.

"Very frequently a man may be in Australia, under these circumstances, for four or five weeks before he is asked to get into his flannels. Look at Mr. Philipson when he was taken out as a reserve wicket-keeper. How frequently were his services required? No, a side comprising thirteen members is quite large enough for all practical purposes.

"It was not the paucity of our numbers that upset us in Australia. It was the heat. During the day we would be beneath a broiling sun; then at night, up would come the hot wind, and we could not sleep. That in itself was enough to put a man off his form. However, the Australians will be at a disadvantage should they experience any cold weather during their visit here, so we must not complain upon that score."

The winter payment of professionals proved a good subject, and Mr. MacLaren spoke up decidedly in the matter of rendering the closing days of a good old servant a little easier than is sometimes the case.

"I think," he sug-

gested, "that winter payments to professional cricketers should be made the general rule. But in this connection there should be a universal law: one man should be paid as well as another. It is hard that one man should be paid £2 or £1 a week and that another should get nothing.

"Professionals are underpaid at the best of times, for it must not be forgotten they soon get old. After they have reached the age of thirty-five, they are not much good for county work. The great cricketers, the idols of the public, are all right—they may depend upon a roving benefit; but what of the smaller men?

"They have wives and families, and they are put to the same expense as a more successful member of the team. Yet what have they to look forward to in their old age? A few secure posts as coaches at the public schools, but they are exceptionally fortunate. Time after time I have seen professionals upon the cricket-field looking as miserable as possible. Wondering where their next sovereign was coming from, very likely. Is this fair? Can a man show his real form when he is over-burdened with responsibilities?

"Certainly not. The professional player is a sober, honest, hardworking servant of the club or county, and he deserves better all-round treatment. The big man can go to the secretary or treasurer and say, 'Oh, if you won't pay me at a certain rate, another county will,' and he gains his point. What

chance has a little man of making a similar bargain? None at all.

"A fast bowler? No; why should it make a greater difference to him? The public must not forget that he does not generally last as long as a medium pace or slow bowler. That fact explains more than one failure on previous form."

Then Mr. MacLaren cried "enough," and refused to be drawn farther. But I may add he is equally at home with his gun as with his cricket bat, and that if he has a weakness it runs in the direction of greyhounds.



MRS. MACLAREN.  
From a Photo by Tinsley, Melbourne.

## Hilda Wade.

By GRANT ALLEN.

### III.—THE EPISODE OF THE WIFE WHO DID HER DUTY.



O make you understand my next yarn, I must go back to the date of my introduction to Hilda.

"It is witchcraft!" I said the first time I saw her, at Le Geyt's luncheon-party.

She smiled a smile which was bewitching, indeed, but by no means witchlike. A frank open smile, with just a touch of natural feminine triumph in it. "No, not witchcraft," she answered, helping herself with her dainty fingers to a burnt almond from the Venetian glass dish. "Not witchcraft. Memory: aided perhaps by some native quickness of perception. Though I say it myself, I never met anyone, I think, whose memory goes quite as far as mine does."

"You don't mean quite as far *back*," I cried, jesting: for she looked about twenty-four, and had cheeks like a ripe nectarine, just as pink and just as softly downy.

She smiled again, showing a row of semi-transparent teeth, with a gleam in the depths of them. She was certainly most attractive. She had that indefinable, incommunicable, unanalyzable personal quality which we

know as *charm*.

"No, not as far *back*," she repeated.

"Though, indeed, I often seem to remember things that happened before I was born (like Queen Elizabeth's visit to Kenilworth): I recollect so vividly all that I have heard or read about them. But as far *in extent*, I mean. I never let anything drop out of my memory. As this case shows you, I can recall even quite unimportant and casual bits of knowledge, when any chance clue happens to bring them back to me."

She had certainly astonished me. The occasion for my astonishment was the fact that when I handed her my card, "Dr. Hubert Ford Cumberlandge, St. Nathaniel's Hospital," she had glanced at it for a second and exclaimed, without sensible pause or break, "Oh, then, of course, you're half Welsh, as I am."

The instantaneousness and apparent incoherency of her inference took me aback. "Well, no; yes: I *am* half Welsh," I replied. "My mother came from Carnarvonshire. But why then and of course? I fail to perceive your train of reasoning."

She laughed a sunny little laugh, like one well accustomed to receive such inquiries. "Fancy asking a woman to give you 'the train of reasoning' for her intuitions!" she cried, merrily. "That shows, Dr. Cumberlandge, that you are a mere man—a man of science, perhaps, but *not* a psychologist. It also suggests that you are a confirmed bachelor. A married man accepts intuitions, without expecting them to be based on reasoning. . . . Well, just this once, I will stretch a point to enlighten you. If I recollect right, your mother died about three years ago?"



"OH, THEN, OF COURSE, YOU'RE HALF WELSH, AS I AM."

"You are quite correct. Then you know my mother?"

"Oh, dear me, no. I never even met her. Why *then*?" Her look was mischievous. "But, unless I mistake, I think she came from Hendre Coed, near Bangor."

"Wales is a village!" I exclaimed, catching my breath. "Every Welsh person seems to know all about every other."

My new acquaintance smiled again. When she smiled she was irresistible: a laughing face protruding from a cloud of diaphanous drapery. "Now, shall I tell you how I came to know that?" she asked, poised a *glâs* cherry on her dessert fork in front of her. "Shall I explain my trick, like the conjurers?"

"Conjurers never explain anything," I answered. "They say, 'So, you see, *that's* how it's done!'—with a swift whisk of the hand—and leave you as much in the dark as ever. Don't explain like the conjurers, but tell me how you guessed it."

She shut her eyes and seemed to turn her glance inward. "About three years ago," she began slowly, like one who reconstructs with an effort a half-forgotten scene, "I saw a notice in the *Times*—Births, Deaths, and Marriages—'On the 27th of October'—was it the 27th?" The keen brown eyes opened again for a second and flashed inquiry into mine.

"Quite right," I answered, nodding.

"I thought so. 'On the 27th of October, at Brynmor, Bournemouth, Emily Olwen Josephine, widow of the late Thomas Cumberledge, sometime colonel of the 7th Bengal Regiment of Foot, and daughter of Iolo Gwyn Ford, Esq., J.P., of Hendre Coed, near Bangor.' Am I correct?" She lifted her dark eyelashes once more and flooded me.

"You are quite correct," I answered, surprised. "And that is really all that you knew of my mother?"

"Absolutely all. The moment I saw your card, I thought to myself, in a breath, 'Ford, Cumberledge: what do I know of those two names? I have some link between them. Ah, yes: found! Mrs. Cumberledge, wife of Colonel Thomas Cumberledge, of the 7th Bengalis, was a Miss Ford, daughter of a Mr. Ford, of Bangor.' That came to me like a lightning-gleam. Then I said to myself again, 'Dr. Hubert Ford Cumberledge must be their son.' So there you see you have 'the train of reasoning.' Women *are* reason—sometimes. I had to think twice, though, before I could recall the exact words of the *Times* notice."

"And can you do the same with everyone?"

"Everyone! Oh, come, now: that is expecting too much! I have not read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested everyone's family announcements. I don't pretend to be the Peerage, the Clergy List, and the London Directory rolled into one. I remembered *your* family all the more vividly, no doubt, because of the pretty and unusual old Welsh names, 'Olwen' and 'Iolo Gwyn Ford,' which fixed themselves on my memory by their mere beauty. Everything about Wales always attracts me: my Welsh side is uppermost. But I have hundreds—oh, thousands of such facts stored and pigeon-holed in my memory: if anybody else cares to try me," she glanced round the table, "perhaps we may be able to test my power that way."

Two or three of the company accepted her challenge, giving the full names of their sisters or brothers; and, in three cases out of five, my witch was able to supply either the notice of their marriage or some other like published circumstance. In the instance of Charlie Vere, it is true, she went wrong, just at first, though only in a single small particular: it was not Charlie himself who was gazetted to a sub-lieutenancy in the Warwickshire Regiment, but his brother Walter. However, the moment she was told of this slip, she corrected herself at once, and added, like lightning, "Ah, yes: how stupid of me! I have mixed up the names. Charles Cassilis Vere got an appointment on the same day in the Rhodesian Mounted Police, didn't he?" Which was in point of fact quite accurate.

But I am forgetting that all this time I have not even now introduced my witch to you.

Hilda Wade, when I first saw her, was one of the prettiest, cheeriest, and most graceful girls I have ever met—a dusky blonde, brown-eyed, brown-haired, with a creamy, waven whiteness of skin that was yet warm and peach-downy. And I wish to insist from the outset upon the plain fact that there was nothing uncanny about her. In spite of her singular faculty of insight, which sometimes seemed to illogical people almost weird or eerie, she was in the main a bright, well-educated, sensible, winsome, lawn-tennis-playing English girl. Her vivacious spirits rose superior to her surroundings, which were often sad enough. But she was above all things wholesome, unaffected, and sparkling—a gleam of sunshine. She laid no claim to supernatural powers: she

held no dealings with familiar spirits: she was simply a girl of strong personal charm, endowed with an astounding memory and a rare measure of feminine intuition. Her memory, she told me, she shared with her father and all her father's family: they were famous for their prodigious faculty in that respect. Her impulsive temperament and quick instincts on the other hand descended to her, she thought, from her mother and her Welsh ancestry.

Externally, she seemed thus at first sight little more than the ordinary pretty, light-hearted English girl, with a taste for field sports (especially riding), and a native love of the country. But at times, one caught in the brightened colour of her lustrous brown eyes certain curious undercurrents of depth, of reserve, and of a questioning wistfulness which made you suspect the presence of profounder elements in her nature. From the earliest moment of our acquaintance, indeed, I can say with truth that Hilda Wade interested me immensely. I felt drawn. Her face had that strange quality of compelling attention for which we have as yet no English name, but which everybody recognises. You could not ignore her. She stood out. She was the sort of girl one was constrained to notice.

It was Le Geyt's first luncheon-party since his second marriage. Big-bearded, genial, he beamed round on us jubilant. He was proud of his wife, and proud of his recent Q.C.-ship. The new Mrs. Le Geyt sat at the head of the table, handsome, capable, self-possessed, a vivid, vigorous woman and a model hostess. Though still quite young, she was large and commanding. Everybody was impressed by her. "Such a good mother to those poor motherless children!" all the ladies declared, in a chorus of applause. And, indeed, she had the face of a splendid manager.

I said as much in an undertone over the ices to Miss Wade, who sat beside me—though I ought not to have discussed them at their own table. "Hugo Le Geyt seems to have made an excellent choice," I murmured. "Maisie and Ettie will be lucky indeed to be taken care of by such a competent step-mother. Don't you think so?"

My witch glanced up at her hostess with a piercing dart of the keen brown eyes, held her wine-glass half raised, and then electrified me by uttering, in the same low voice, audible to me alone, but quite clearly and unhesitatingly, these astounding words:—

"I think, before twelve months are out, *Mr. Le Geyt will have murdered her.*"

For a minute I could not answer, so startling was the effect of this confident prediction. One does not expect to be told such things at lunch, over the port and peaches, about one's dearest friends, beside their own mahogany. And the assured air of unfaltering conviction with which Hilda Wade said it to a complete stranger took my breath away. *Why* did she think so at all? And *if* she thought so, why choose *me* as the recipient of her singular confidences?

I gasped and wondered.

"What makes you fancy anything so unlikely?" I asked aside at last, behind the Babel of voices. "You quite alarm me."

She rolled a mouthful of apricot ice reflectively on her tongue, and then murmured, in a similar aside, "Don't ask me now. Some other time will do. But, I mean what I say. Believe me, I do not speak at random."

She was quite right, of course. To continue would have been equally rude and foolish. I had perforce to bottle up my curiosity for the moment, and wait till my Sibyl was in the mood for interpreting.

After lunch we adjourned to the drawing-room. Almost at once, Hilda Wade flitted up with her brisk step to the corner where I was sitting. "Oh, Dr. Cumberledge," she began, as if nothing odd had occurred before, "I *rears* so glad to meet you and have a chance of talking to you, because I *do* so want to get a nurse's place at St. Nathaniel's."

"A nurse's place!" I exclaimed, a little surprised, surveying her dress of palest and softest Indian muslin, for she looked to me far too much of a butterfly for such serious work. "Do you really mean it, or are you one of the ten thousand modern young ladies who are in quest of a Mission, without understanding that Missions are unpleasant? Nursing, I can tell you, is not all crimped cap and becoming uniform."

"I know that," she answered, growing grave. "I ought to know it. I am a nurse already at St. George's Hospital."

"You a nurse! And at St. George's! Yet you want to change to Nathaniel's? Why? St. George's is in a much nicer part of London, and the patients there come on an average from a much better class than ours in Smithfield."

"I know that too: but . . . Sebastian is at St. Nathaniel's—and I want to be near Sebastian."



"I AM A NURSE ALREADY."

"Professor Sebastian!" I cried, my face lighting up with a gleam of enthusiasm at our great teacher's name. "Ah, if it is to be under Sebastian that you desire, I can see you mean business. I know now you are in earnest."

"In earnest?" she echoed, that strange deeper shade coming over her face as she spoke, while her tone altered. "Yes, I think I am in earnest! It is my object in life to be near Sebastian—to watch him and observe him. I mean to succeed. . . . But, I have given you my confidence, perhaps too hastily, and I must implore you not to mention my wish to him."

"You may trust me implicitly," I answered.

"Oh, yes, I saw that," she put in, with a quick gesture. "Of course, I saw by your face you were a man of honour—a man one could trust—or I would not have spoken to you. But—you promise me?"

"I promise you," I replied, naturally flattered. She was delicately pretty, and her quaint, oracular air, so incongruous with the dainty face and the fluffy brown hair, piqued me not a little. That special mysterious commodity of *charis* seemed to pervade all she did and said. So I added, "And I will mention to Sebastian that you wish for a nurse's place at Nathaniel's. As you have had experience, and can be recommended, I suppose, by Le Geyt's sister," with whom she had come, "no doubt you can secure an early vacancy."

"Thanks so much," she answered, with that delicious smile; it had an infantile simplicity about it which contrasted most piquantly with her prophetic manner.

"Only," I went on, assuming a confidential tone, "you really *must* tell me why you said that just now about Hugo Le Geyt. Recollect, your Delphian utterances have gravely astonished and disquieted me. Hugo is one of my oldest and dearest friends; and I want to know why you have formed this sudden bad opinion of him."

"Not of *him*, but of *her*," she answered, to my surprise, taking a small Norwegian dagger from the what-not and playing with it to distract attention.

"Come, come, now," I cried, drawing back. "You are trying to mystify me.

This is deliberate seer-mongery. You are presuming on your powers. But I am not the sort of man to be caught by horoscopes. I decline to believe it."

She turned on me with a meaning glance. Those truthful eyes fixed me. "I am going from here straight to my hospital," she murmured, with a quiet air of knowledge—talking, I mean to say, like one who really knows. "This room is not the place to discuss this matter, is it? If you will walk back to St. George's with me, I think I can make you see and feel that I am speaking, not at haphazard, but from observation and experience."

Her confidence roused my most vivid curiosity. When she left, I left with her. The Le Geys lived in one of those new streets of large houses on Campden Hill, so that our way eastward lay naturally through Kensington Gardens. It was a sunny June day, when light pierced even through the smoke of London, and the shrubberies breathed the breath of white lilacs. "Now, what did you mean by that enigmatical saying?" I asked my new Cassandra, as we strolled down the scent-laden path. "Woman's intuition is all very well in its way: but a mere man may be excused if he asks for evidence."

She stopped short as I spoke and gazed full into my eyes. Her hand fingered her parasol handle. "I meant what I said," she answered, with emphasis. "Within one year, Mr. Le Geyt will have murdered his wife. You may take my word for it."

"Le Geyt!" I cried. "Never! I know the man so well! A big, good-natured,

kindly schoolboy! He is the gentlest and best of mortals. Le Geyt a murderer! Im—possible!"

Her eyes were far away. "Has it never occurred to you," she asked, slowly, with her pythoness air, "that there are murders and murders?—murders which depend in the main upon the murderer . . . and also murders which depend in the main upon the victim?"

"The victim? How do you mean?"

"Well, there are brutal men who commit murder out of sheer brutality—the ruffians of the slums; and there are sordid men who commit murder for sordid money—the insurers who want to forestall their policies, the poisoners who want to inherit property: but have you ever realized that there are also murderers who become so by accident, through their victims' idiosyncrasy? I thought all the time while I was watching Mrs. Le Geyt, 'That woman is of the sort predestined to be murdered.' . . . And when you asked me, I told you so. I may have been imprudent: still, I saw it, and I said it."

"But this is second sight!" I cried, drawing away. "Do you pretend to prevision?"

"No, not second sight; nothing uncanny, nothing supernatural. But prevision, yes: prevision based, not on omens or auguries, but on solid fact—on what I have seen and noticed."

"Explain yourself, oh propheticess!"

She let the point of her parasol make a curved trail on the gravel, and followed its serpentine wavings with her eyes. "You know our house-surgeon?" she asked at last, looking up of a sudden.

"What, Travers? Oh, intimately."

"Then come to my ward and see. After you have seen you will perhaps believe me."

Nothing that I could say would get any further explanation out of her just then. "You would laugh at me if I told you," she persisted: "you won't laugh when you have seen it."

We walked on in silence as far as Hyde Park Corner. There my Sphinx tripped lightly up the steps of St. George's Hospital. "Get Mr. Travers's leave," she said, with a nod and a bright smile, "to visit Nurse Wade's ward. Then come up to me there in five minutes."

I explained to my friend the house-surgeon that I wished to see certain cases in the accident ward of which I had heard: he smiled a restrained smile—"Nurse Wade, no doubt!" but, of course, gave me per-

mission to go up and look at them. "Stop a minute," he added, "and I'll come with you." When we got there, my witch had already changed her dress, and was waiting for us demurely in the neat dove-coloured gown and smooth white apron of the hospital nurses. She looked even prettier and more meaningful so than in her ethereal outside summer-cloud maslin.

"Come over to this bed," she said at once to Travers and myself, without the least air of mystery. "I will show you what I mean by it."

"Nurse Wade has remarkable insight," Travers whispered to me as we went.

"I can believe it," I answered.

"Look at this woman," she went on, aside, in a low voice—"no, *not* the first bed: the one beyond it: number 60. I don't want the patient to know you are watching her. Do you observe anything odd about her appearance?"

"She is somewhat the same type," I began, "as Mrs.——"

Before I could get out the words "Le Geyt," her warning eye and puckering forehead had stopped me. "As the lady we were discussing," she interposed, with a quiet wave of one hand. "Yes, in some points very much so. You notice in particular her scanty hair—so thin and poor—though she is young and good-looking?"

"It is certainly rather a feeble crop for a woman of her age," I admitted. "And pale at that, and washy."

"Precisely. It's done up behind about as big as a nutmeg . . . Now, observe the contour of her back as she sits up there: it is curiously curved, isn't it?"

"Very," I replied. "Not exactly a stoop, nor yet quite a hunch, but certainly an odd spinal configuration."

"Like our friend's, once more?"

"Like our friend's, exactly!"

Hilda Wade looked away, lest she should attract the patient's attention. "Well, that woman was brought in here, half-dead, assaulted by her husband," she went on, with a note of unobtrusive demonstration.

"We get a great many such cases," Travers put in, with true medical unconcern, "very interesting cases: and Nurse Wade has pointed out to me the singular fact that in almost all instances the patients resemble one another physically."

"Incredible!" I cried. "I can understand that there might well be a type of men who assault their wives, but not, surely, a type of women who get assaulted."



"That is because you know less about it than Nurse Wade," Travers answered, with an annoying smile of superior knowledge.

Our instructress moved on to another bed, laying one gentle hand as she passed on a patient's forehead. The patient glanced gratitude. "That one again," she said once more, half-indicating a cot at a little distance: "Number 74. She has much the same thin hair—sparse, weak, and colourless. She has much the same curved back, and much the same aggressive, self-assertive features. Looks capable, doesn't she? A born housewife! . . . Well, she too was knocked down and kicked half-dead the other night by her husband."

"It is certainly odd," I answered, "how very much they both recall——"

"Our friend at lunch! Yes, extraordinary. See here": she pulled out a pencil and drew the quick outline of a face in her note-book.



"SHE DREW THE QUICK OUTLINE OF A FACE IN HER NOTE-BOOK."

"That is what is central and essential to the type. They have *this* sort of profile. Women with faces like that *always* get assaulted."

Travers glanced over her shoulder. "Quite true," he assented, with his *bourgeois* nod. "Nurse Wade in her time has shown me dozens of them. Round dozens: bakers' dozens! They all belong to that species. In fact, when a woman of this type is brought in to us wounded now, I ask at once, 'Husband?' and the invariable answer comes pat: 'Well, yes, sir; we had some

words together.' The effect of words, my dear fellow, is something truly surprising."

"They can pierce like a dagger," I mused.

"And leave an open wound behind that requires dressing," Travers added, unsuspecting. Practical man, Travers!

"But *why* do they get assaulted—the women of this type?" I asked, still bewildered.

"Number 87 has her mother just come to see her," my sorceress interposed. "*She's* an assault case: brought in last night: badly kicked and bruised about the head and shoulders. Speak to the mother. She'll explain it all to you."

Travers and I moved over to the cot her hand scarcely indicated. "Well, your daughter looks pretty comfortable this afternoon, in spite of the little fuss," Travers began, tentatively.

"Yes, she's a bit tidy, thank," the mother answered, smoothing her soiled black gown, grown green with long service. "She'll git on naow, please Gord. But Joe most did for 'er."

"How did it all happen?" Travers asked, in a jaunty tone, to draw her out.

"Well, it was like this, sir, yer see. My daughter, she's a lidy as keeps 'erself *to* 'erself, as the sayin' is, an' 'olds 'er 'ead up. She keeps up a proper pride, an' minds 'er 'ouse an' 'er little 'uns. She ain't no gadabaht. But she 'ave a tongue, she 'ave": the mother lowered her voice cautiously lest the "lidy" should hear. "I don't deny it that she 'ave a tongue, at times, through myself 'avin' suffered from it. And when she *do* go on, Lord bless you, why, there ain't no stoppin' of 'er."

"Oh, she has a tongue, has she?" Travers replied, surveying the "case" critically. "Well, you know, she looks like it."

"So she do, sir; so she do. An' Joe, 'e's a man as wouldn't 'urt a billy—not when 'e's sober, Joe wouldn't. But 'e'd bin aht, that's where it is; an' 'e cum 'ome late, a bit fresh, through 'avin' bin at the friendly lead: an' my daughter, yer see, she up an' give it to 'im. My word, she *did* give it to 'im! An' Joe, 'e's a peaceable man when 'e ain't a bit fresh: 'e's more like a friend to 'er than an 'usband, Joe is; but 'e lost 'is temper that time, as yer may say, by reason o' bein' fresh, an' 'e knocked 'er abaht a



"SHE DID GIVE IT TO 'IM."

little, an' knocked 'er teeth aht. So we brought 'er to the ospital."

The injured woman raised herself up in bed with a vindictive scowl, displaying as she did so the same whale-like curved back as in the other "cases." "But we've sent 'im to the lock-up," she continued; the scowl giving way fast to a radiant joy of victory as she contemplated her triumph: "an' wot's more, I 'ad the last word of 'im. An' 'e'll git six month for this, the neighbours says; an' when he comes aht again, my Gord, won't 'e ketch it!"

"You look capable of punishing him for it," I answered, and as I spoke, I shuddered: for I saw her expression was precisely the expression Mrs. Le Geyt's face had worn for a passing second when her husband accidentally trod on her dress as we left the dining-room.

My witch moved away. We followed. "Well, what do you say to it now?" she asked, gliding among the beds with noiseless feet and ministering fingers.

"Say to it?" I answered. "That it is wonderful, wonderful. You have quite convinced me."

"You would think so," Travers put in, "if you had been in this ward as often as I have, and observed their faces. It's a dead certainty. Sooner or later, that type of woman is cock-sure to be assaulted."

"In a certain rank of life, perhaps," I answered, still loth to believe it; "but not

surely in ours. Gentlemen do not knock down their wives and kick their teeth out."

My Sibyl smiled. "No; there, class tells," she admitted. "They take longer about it, and suffer more provocation. They curb their tempers. But in the end, one day, they are goaded beyond endurance; and then—a convenient knife—a rusty old sword—a pair of scissors—anything that comes handy, like that dagger this morning. One wild blow—half unpre-

meditated—and . . . the thing is done! Twelve good men and true will find it wilful murder."

I felt really perturbed. "But can we do nothing," I cried, "to warn poor Hugo?"

"Nothing, I fear," she answered. "After all, character must work itself out in its interactions with character. He has married that woman, and he must take the consequences. Does not each of us in life suffer perforce the Nemesis of his own temperament?"

"Then is there not also a type of men who assault their wives?"

"That is the odd part of it—no. All kinds, good and bad, quick and slow, can be driven to it at last. The quick-tempered stab or kick: the slow devise some deliberate means of ridding themselves of their burden."

"But surely we might caution Le Geyt of his danger!"

"It is useless. He would not believe us. We cannot be at his elbow to hold back his hand when the bad moment comes. Nobody will be there, as a matter of fact: for women of this temperament—born niggers, in short, since that's what it comes to—when they are also ladies, graceful and gracious as she is, never nag at all before outsiders. To the world, they are bland: everybody says, 'What charming talkers!' They are 'angels abroad, devils at home,' as the proverb puts it. Some night she will provoke him when they are alone, till she has reached his utmost limit of endurance—and then," she drew one

hand across her dovelike throat, "it will be all finished."

"You think so?"

"I am sure of it. We human beings go straight like sheep to our natural destiny."

"But—that is fatalism."

"No, not fatalism: insight into temperament. Fatalists believe that your life is arranged for you beforehand from without: willy nilly, you *must* act so. I only believe that in this jostling world your life is mostly determined by your own character, in its interaction with the characters of those who surround you. Temperament works itself out. It is your own acts and deeds that make up Fate for you."

For some months after this first meeting, neither Hilda Wade nor I saw anything more of the Le Geys. They left town for Scotland at the end of the season: and when all the grouse had been duly slaughtered, and all the salmon duly hooked, they went on to Leicestershire for the opening of fox-hunting: so it was not till after Christmas that they returned to Campden Hill. Meanwhile, I had spoken to Dr. Sebastian about Miss Wade, and on my recommendation he had found her a vacancy at our hospital. "A most intelligent girl, Cumberledge," he remarked to me with a rare burst of approval—for the Professor was always critical—after she had been at work for some weeks at St. Nathaniel's. "I am glad you introduced her here. A nurse with brains is such a valuable accessory—unless of course she takes to *thinking*. But Nurse Wade never *thinks*: she is a useful instrument—does what she's told, and carries out one's orders implicitly."

"She knows enough to know when she doesn't know," I answered. "Which is really the rarest kind of knowledge."

"Unrecorded among young doctors!" the Professor retorted, with his sardonic smile. "They think they understand the human body from top to toe, when in reality—well, they might do the measles!"

Early in January, I was invited again to lunch with the Le Geys. Hilda Wade was invited too. The moment we entered the house, we were both of us aware that some grim change had come over it. Le Geyt met us in the hall, in his old genial style, it is true, but still with a certain reserve, a curious veiled timidity which we had not known in him. Big and good-humoured as he was, with kindly eyes beneath the shaggy eyebrows, he seemed strangely subdued now:

the boyish buoyancy had gone out of him. He spoke rather lower than was his natural key, and welcomed us warmly though less effusively than of old. An irreproachable housemaid in a spotless cap ushered us into the transfigured drawing-room. Mrs. Le Geyt, in a pretty cloth dress, neatly tailor-made, rose to meet us, beaming the vapid smile of the perfect hostess—that impartial smile which falls, like the rain from Heaven, on good and bad indifferently. "So charmed to see you again, Dr. Cumberledge!" she bubbled out, with a cheerful air—she was always cheerful, mechanically cheerful, from a sense of duty. "It is such a pleasure to meet dear Hugo's old friends. And Miss Wade, too; how delightful! You look so well, Miss Wade! Oh, you're both at St. Nathaniel's now, aren't you? So you can come together. What a privilege for you, Dr. Cumberledge, to have such a clever assistant—or, rather, fellow-worker. It must be a great life, yours, Miss Wade: such a sphere of usefulness! If we can only feel we are *doing good*—that is the main matter. For my own part, I like to be mixed up with every good work that's going on in my neighbourhood: I'm the soup-kitchen, you know, and I'm visitor at the workhouse; and I'm the Dorcas Society, and the Mutual Improvement Class, and the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and to Children, and I'm sure I don't know how much else: so that, what with all that, and what with dear Hugo and the darling children"—she glanced affectionately at Maisie and Ettie, who sat bolt upright, very mute and still, in their best and stiffest frocks, on two stools in the corner—"I can hardly find time for my social duties."

"Oh, dear Mrs. Le Geyt," one of her visitors said with effusion, from beneath a nodding bonnet—she was the wife of a rural dean from Staffordshire; "*everybody* is agreed that *your* social duties are performed to a marvel. They are the envy of Kensington. We all of us wonder, indeed, how one woman can find time for all of it!"

Our hostess looked pleased. "Well, yes," she answered, gazing down at her fawn-coloured dress with a half-suppressed smile of self-satisfaction, "I flatter myself I *can* get through about as much work in a day as anybody!" Her eye wandered round her rooms with a modest air of placid self-approval which was almost comic. Everything in them was as well kept and as well polished as good servants thoroughly drilled could make it. Not a stain or a speck any-

where. A miracle of neatness. Indeed, when I carelessly drew the Norwegian dagger from its scabbard, as we waited for lunch, and found that it stuck in the sheath, I almost started to discover that rust could intrude into that orderly household.



"THE NORWEGIAN DAGGER."

I recollected then how Hilda Wade had pointed out to me during those six months at St. Nathaniel's that the women whose husbands assaulted them were almost always "notable housewives," as they say in America—good souls who prided themselves not a little on their skill in management. They were capable, practical mothers of families, with a boundless belief in themselves, a sincere desire to do their duty, as far as they understood it, and a habit of impressing their virtues upon others which was quite beyond all human endurance. Placidity was their note: provoking placidity. I felt sure it must have been of a woman of this type that the famous phrase was first coined—"Elle a toutes les vertus—et elle est insupportable."

"Clara, dear," her husband said, "shall we go in to lunch?"

"You dear, stupid boy! Are we not all waiting for *you* to give your arm to Lady Maitland?"

The lunch was perfect, and it was perfectly served. The silver glowed: the linen was marked with H. C. Le G. in a most artistic monogram. I noticed that the table decorations were extremely pretty. Somebody com-

plimented our hostess upon them. Mrs. Le Geyt nodded and smiled—"I arranged them. Dear Hugo, in his blundering way—the big darling—forgot to get me the orchids I had ordered. So I had to make shift with what few things our own wee conservatory afforded. Still, with a little taste and a little ingenuity——" She surveyed her handicraft with just pride, and left the rest to our imaginations.

"Only you ought to explain, Clara——" Le Geyt began, in a deprecatory tone.

"Now, you darling old bear, we won't harp on that twice-told tale again," Clara interrupted, with a knowing smile. "*Point de réchauffés!* Let us leave one another's misdeeds and one another's explanations for their proper sphere—the family circle. The orchids did *not* turn up, that is the point; and I managed to make shift with the plumbago and the geraniums. Maisie, my sweet, *not* that pudding, if you please: too rich for you, darling. I know your digestive capacities better than you do. I have told you fifty times it doesn't agree with you. A small slice of the other one!"

"Yes, mamma," Maisie answered, with a cowed and cowering air. I felt sure she would have murmured, "Yes, mamma," in the self-same tone if the second Mrs. Le Geyt had ordered her to hang herself.

"I saw you out in the park, yesterday, on your bicycle, Ettie," Le Geyt's sister, Mrs. Mallet, put in. "But do you know, dear, I didn't think your jacket was half warm enough."

"Mamma doesn't like me to wear a warmer one," the child answered, with a visible shudder of recollection, "though I should love to, Aunt Lina."

"My precious Ettie, what nonsense—for a violent exercise like bicycling! Where one gets so hot! So unbecomingly hot! You'd be simply stifled, darling." I caught a darted glance which accompanied the words and which made Ettie recoil into the recesses of her pudding.

"But yesterday was so cold, Clara," Mrs. Mallet went on, actually venturing to oppose the infallible authority. "A nipping morning. And such a flimsy coat! Might not the dear child be allowed to judge for herself in a matter purely of her own feelings?"

Mrs. Le Geyt, with just the shadow of a shrug, was all sweet reasonableness. She smiled more suavely than ever. "Surely, Lina," she remonstrated, in her frankest and most convincing tone, "I must know best what is good for dear Ettie, when I have been

watching her daily for more than six months past, and taking the greatest pains to understand both her constitution and her disposition. She needs hardening, Ettie does. Hardening. Don't you agree with me, Hugo?"

Le Geyt shuffled uneasily in his chair. Big man as he was, with his great black beard and manly bearing, I could see he was afraid to differ from her overtly. "Well, —m—perhaps, Clara," he began, peering from under the shaggy eyebrows, "it would be best for a delicate child like Ettie—"

Mrs. Le Geyt smiled a compassionate smile. "Ah, I forgot," she cooed sweetly. "Dear Hugo never *can* understand the upbringing of children. It is a sense denied him. We women know"—with a sage nod. "They were wild little savages when I took them in hand first—weren't you, Maisie? Do you remember, dear, how you broke the looking-glass in the boudoir like an untamed young monkey? Talking of monkeys, Mr. Cotswould, *have* you seen those delightful, clever, amusing French pictures at that place in Suffolk Street? There's a man there—a Parisian—I forget his honoured name—Leblanc, or Lenoir, or Lebrun, or something—but he's a most humorous artist, and he paints monkeys and storks and all sorts of queer beasties *almost* as quaintly and expressively as you do. Mind, I say *almost*, for I will never allow that any Frenchman could do anything *quite* so good, quite so funnily mock-human, as your marabouts and professors."

"What a charming hostess Mrs. Le Geyt makes," the painter observed to me after lunch. "Such tact! Such discrimination! . . . And, what a devoted step-mother!"

"She is one of the local secretaries of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children," I said, drily.

"And charity begins at home," Hilda Wade added, in a significant aside.

We walked home together as far as Stanhope Gate. Our sense of doom oppressed us. "And yet," I said, turning to her, as we left the doorstep, "I don't doubt Mrs. Le Geyt really believes she *is* a model step-mother!"

"Of course she believes it," my witch answered. "She has no more

doubt about that than about anything else. Doubts are not in her line. She does everything exactly as it ought to be done—who should know if not she?—and therefore she is never afraid of criticism. Hardening, indeed! that poor slender, tender, shrinking little Ettie! A frail exotic. She would harden her into a skeleton if she had her way. Nothing's much harder than a skeleton I suppose, except Mrs. Le Geyt's manner of training one."

"I should be sorry to think," I broke in, "that that sweet little, floating thistle-down of a child I once knew was to be done to death by her."

"Oh, as for that, she will *not* be done to death," Hilda answered, in her confident way. "Mrs. Le Geyt won't live long enough."

I started. "You think not?"

"I don't think. I am sure of it. We are at the fifth act now. I watched Mr. Le Geyt closely all through lunch, and I'm more confident than ever that the end is coming. He is temporarily crushed: but he is like steam in a boiler, seething, seething, seething. One



"DOUBTS ARE NOT IN HER LINE."

day, she will sit on the safety-valve, and the explosion will come. When it comes"—she raised aloft one quick hand in the air as if striking a dagger home—"good-bye to her!"

For the next few months I saw much of Le Geyt; and the more I saw of him, the more I saw that my witch's prognosis was essentially correct. They never quarrelled: but Mrs. Le Geyt in her unobtrusive way held a quiet hand over her husband which became increasingly apparent. In the midst of her fancy-work (those busy fingers were never idle) she kept her eyes well fixed on him. Now and again I saw him glance at his motherless girls with what looked like a tender protecting regret, especially when "Clara" had been most openly drilling them: but he dared not interfere. She was crushing their spirit as she was crushing their father's—and all, bear in mind, for the best of motives! She had their interest at heart: she wanted to do what was right for them. Her manner to him and to them was always honey-sweet—in all externals; yet one could somehow feel it was the velvet glove that masked the iron hand: not cruel, not harsh even, but severely, irresistibly, unflinchingly crushing. "Ettie, my dear, get your brown hat at once. What's that? Going to rain? I did not ask you, my child, for your opinion on the weather. My own suffices. A headache? Oh, nonsense! Headaches are caused by want of exercise. Nothing so good for a touch of headache as a nice brisk walk in Kensington Gardens. Maisie, don't hold your sister's hand like that: it is imitation sympathy! You are aiding and abetting her in setting my wishes at naught. Now, no long faces! What I require is cheerful obedience."

A bland, autocratic martinet, smiling, inexorable! Poor, pale Ettie grew thinner and wanner under her law daily, while Maisie's temper, naturally docile, was being spoiled before one's eyes by persistent, needless thwarting.

As spring came on, however, I began to hope that things were really mending. Le Geyt looked brighter; some of his own careless, happy-go-lucky self came back again at intervals. He told me once, with a wistful sigh, that he thought of sending the children to school in the country—it would be better for them, he said, and would take a little work off dear Clara's shoulders: for never even to me was he disloyal to Clara. I encouraged him in the idea. He went on to say that the great difficulty in the way was . . . Clara. She was so conscientious: she thought it her duty to look after the children herself, and couldn't bear to delegate any part of that duty to others. Besides, she had such an excellent opinion of the Kensington High School!

When I told Hilda Wade of this, she set her teeth together and answered at once: "That settles it! The end is very near. *He* will insist upon their going, to save them from that woman's ruthless kindness: and *she* will refuse to give up any part of what she calls her duty. *He* will reason with her: he will



"THAT SETTLES IT! THE END IS VERY NEAR."

plead for his children: *she* will be adamant. Not angry—it is never the way of that temperament to get angry: just calmly, sedately, and insupportably provoking. When she goes too far, he will flare up at last: some taunt will rouse him: the explosion will come: and . . . the children will go to their Aunt Lina, whom they dote upon. When all is said and done, it is the poor man I pity!"

"You said within twelve months."

"That was a bow drawn at a venture. It may be a little sooner: it may be a little later. But—next week or next month—it is coming: it is coming!"

June smiled upon us once more: and on the afternoon of the 13th, the anniversary of our first lunch together at the Le Geyts, I was up at my work in the accident ward at St. Nathaniel's. "Well, the ides of June have come, Sister Wade!" I said, when I met her, parodying *Cæsar*.

"But not yet gone," she answered; and a profound sense of foreboding spread over her speaking face as she uttered the words.

Her oracle disquieted me. "Why, I dined there last night," I cried, "and all seemed exceptionally well."

"The calm before a storm, perhaps," she murmured.

Just at that moment I heard a boy crying in the street, "*Pull Mall Gazette*: 'ere y'are: speshul edishun! Shocking tragedy at the West-end! Orful murder! 'Ere y'are! Speshul *Globe*! *Pull Mall*, extr'y speshul!"

A weird tremor broke over me. I walked down into the street and bought a paper. There it stared me in the face on the middle page: "Tragedy at Campden Hill: Well-known Barrister murders his Wife: Sensational Details."

I looked closer and read. It was just as I feared. The Le Geyts! After I left their house the night before, husband and wife must have quarrelled, no doubt over the question of the children's schooling: and at some provoking word, as it seemed, Hugo must have snatched up a knife—"a little ornamental Norwegian dagger,"

the report said, "which happened to lie close by on the cabinet in the drawing-room," and plunged it into his wife's heart. "The unhappy lady died instantaneously, by all appearances, and the dastardly crime was not discovered by the servants till eight o'clock this morning. Mr. Le Geyt is missing."

I rushed up with the news to Nurse Wade, who was at work in the accident ward. She turned pale, but bent over her patient and said nothing.

"It is fearful to think," I groaned out at last, "for us who know all—that poor Le Geyt will be hanged for it! Hanged for attempting to protect his children!"

"He will *not* be hanged," my witch answered, with the same unquestioning confidence as ever.

"Why not?" I asked, astonished once more at this bold prediction.

She went on bandaging the arm of the patient whom she was attending. "Because . . . he will commit suicide," she replied, without moving a muscle.

"How do you know that?"

She stuck a steel safety-pin with deft fingers into the roll of lint. "When I have finished my day's work," she answered slowly, still continuing the bandage, "I may perhaps find time to tell you."



## Curious Water Sports.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY F. G. CALLCOTE.



FIGURE 1

THE DONGOLA RACE.

(Photograph)



WITH the growing popularity of the river amongst pleasure-seekers, the list of sports connected with it has of recent years become a much more formidable one. The old forms

of racing were too slow, and needed too much hard work and preliminary training for the man who is anxious to show his skill without the expenditure of any great amount of labour or time. An account of some of the novelties recently introduced may be of interest, especially to those who may be thinking of organizing such sports during the coming months.

The first of these novelties seems to have been the Dongola race; why so called it is impossible to say. It is rowed in punts propelled by six ladies or gentlemen, armed generally with paddles, though sometimes punting-poles are used. This was,

I believe, first introduced at Molesey, which has always been the happy hunting-ground of the more frivolous water sports. It is now very general at nearly all the up-river regattas except Henley, which needs no such attractions and sticks entirely to business. From this was developed the tug-of-war in punts. The two punts are fastened together at one end and placed broadside across the river, when the crews paddle in opposite directions, each trying to drag the opposing boat to the bank. The struggle very frequently ends in one at least of the punts being filled with water, and gradually sinking beneath the feet of its crew. For this reason, no doubt, the pastime has not yet found favour with the fair sex, but is confined to those who do not object to a ducking.

Another development of punting is "punting in canoes." This also was first seen at Molesey Invitation Regatta, and on this occasion hardly one of the competitors was able to bring his frail craft to the winning-



FIGURE 2

TUG-OF-WAR IN PUNTS.

(Photograph)



post a canoe, of course, being very much more liable to be upset when the occupier is standing upright than is the case with a punt. Many performers have since, by practice, become very expert in its management, and the sport may now frequently be seen at other regattas.

Water jousting in canoes is also an innovation. In the old sport, common



From a)

A WATER JOUSTING.

[Photograph]



From a)

PUNTS IN CANOE.

[Photograph]

amongst watermen, the competitors stood at the end of punts and tried to upset each other's equilibrium by thrusts from mops. The amateur in adopting this amusement has replaced the punt by a canoe, and in some cases a water tournament is organized where three boats distinguished by red mops contend against an equal number armed with blue mops.

The tub race, too,  
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which was always held at old-fashioned regattas for the benefit of the boys, who generally paddled about with a spade for some time, going in no particular direction, finally upsetting their lop-sided craft without arriving at their destination, has been imitated in the coracle race, also introduced at Molesey Invitation Regatta. The coracle is very similar to the tub, but has rather greater floating abilities, and with proper paddles can be navigated in a very satisfactory manner.

The walking the greasy pole for a pig is a very old form of pastime which



From a)

A CORACLE RACE.

[Photograph]

always causes amusement. As it is nearly always the last item in a regatta programme, it is rather difficult to get enough light for a photograph, and one taken at Sunbury will probably be of interest.

The Water Derby is seen at many regattas both on the river and on the coast, the sport consisting in propelling oneself by means of a paddle while astride



From a)

THE WATER DERBY.

(Photograph.



From a)

WALKING THE GREASY POLE.

(Photograph.

of a tub decorated with a horse's head. The steeds generally seem rather unruly, and the riders are more frequently thrown than not.

Log-rolling cannot be said to have yet been introduced in this country as a sport, it being confined to a few exponents of the art who have had a proper training, but one of these recently



From a)

LOG-ROLLING.

(Photograph.

appeared at an up-river regatta, and proceeded in a leisurely fashion amongst the crowd of rowing boats.

Plank rowing is a sport which the writer came across at a recent coast regatta. The competitors stand on planks which they can propel by whatever means they prefer, and to anyone who does not object to getting his feet wet the plank is a safer means of transport than would be generally supposed.

A novelty race held at Hampton Court and Ditton's Aquatic Sports, 1898, on a course stretching across the



From a

PLANK RACING.

(Photograph)

river, was remarkable for the peculiarity of the vessels entered. The only conditions were that the craft employed must be of a kind not previously used in a race, and that on reaching the opposite bank the competitor must land and drag his boat after him round a pole and paddle back again to the

starting-point. The makeshift craft used included a clothes-basket, a table turned upside down, a washing-tub, and an air-mattress, the latter finishing first, while most of the others performed somersaults in mid-stream.

The jubilee race at Molesey Invitation Regatta held at the end of the 1897 season was a race between two



From a

THE JUBILEE RACE.

(Photograph)



From a

NOVELTY RACE.

(Photograph)

eights, one being a representative Molesey B.C. eight of 1897, and the other composed of old members of the club supposed to be of the time of 1837, and dressed in the costume of the period. The race looked like a win for the 1837 crew until within a few yards of the finish, when the boat capsized, and the top-hatted crew had to swim ashore.



## MASTER OF CRAI

BY W. W. JACOBS

### I.



PRETTY girl stood alone on the jetty of an old-fashioned wharf at Wapping, looking down upon the silent deck of a schooner below. No smoke

issued from the soot-stained cowl of the galley, and the fore-scuttle and the companion were both inhospitably closed. The quiet of evening was over everything, broken only by the whirr of the paddles of a passenger-steamer as it passed carefully up the centre of the river, or the plash of a lighterman's huge sweep as he piloted his unwieldy craft down on the last remnant of the ebb-tide. In-shore, various craft sat lightly on the soft Thames mud: some affecting a rigid uprightness, others with their decks at various angles of discomfort.

The girl stood a minute or two in thought, and put her small foot out tentatively towards the rigging some few feet distant. It was an awkward jump, and she was still considering it, when she heard footsteps behind, and a young man, increasing his pace as he saw her, came rapidly on to the jetty.

"This is the  *Foam*, isn't it?" inquired the girl, as he stood expectantly. "I want to see Captain Flower."

"He went ashore about half an hour ago," said the other.

The girl tapped impatiently with her foot. "You don't know what time he'll be back, I suppose?" she inquired.

He shook his head. "I think he's gone for the evening," he said, pondering; "he was very careful about his dress."

The ghost of a smile trembled on the girl's

lips. "He has gone to call for me," she said. "I must have missed him. I wonder what I'd better do."

"Wait here till he comes back," said the man, without hesitation.

The girl wavered. "I suppose he'll guess I've come here," she said, thoughtfully.

"Sure to," said the other, promptly.

"It's a long way to Poplar," she said, reflectively. "You're Mr. Fraser, the mate, I suppose? Captain Flower has spoken to me about you."

"That's my name," said the other.

"My name's Tyrell," said the girl, smiling.

"I daresay you've heard Captain Flower mention it?"

"Must have done," said Fraser, slowly. He stood looking at the girl before him, at her dark hair and shining dark eyes, inwardly wondering why the captain, a fervid admirer of the sex, had *not* mentioned her.

"Will you come on board and wait?" he asked. "I'll bring a chair up on deck for you if you will."

The girl stood a moment in consideration, and then, with another faint reference to the distance of Poplar from Wapping, assented. The mate sprang nimbly into the ratlines, and then, extending a hand, helped her carefully to the deck.

"How nice it feels to be on a ship again!" said the girl, looking contentedly about her as the mate brought up a canvas chair from below. "I used to go with my father sometimes when he was alive, but I haven't been on a ship now for two years or more."

The mate, who was watching her closely, made no reply. He was thinking that a

straw hat with scarlet flowers went remarkably well with the dark eyes and hair beneath it, and also that the deck of the schooner had never before seemed such an inviting place as it was at this moment.

"Captain Flower keeps his ship in good condition," said the visitor, somewhat embarrassed by his gaze.

"He takes a pride in her," said Fraser; "and it's his uncle's craft, so there's no stint. She never wants for paint or repairs, and Flower's as nice a man to sail under as one could wish. We've had the same crew for years."

"He's very kind and jolly," said the girl.

"He's one of the best fellows breathing," said the mate, warmly; "he saved my life once—went overboard after me when we were doing over ten knots an hour, and was nearly drowned himself."

"That was fine of him," said Miss Tyrell, eagerly. "He never told me anything about it, and I think that's rather fine too. I like brave men. Have you ever been overboard after anybody?"

Fraser shook his head somewhat despondently. "I'm not much of a swimmer," said he.

"But you'd go in for anybody if you saw them drowning?" persisted Miss Tyrell, in a surprised voice.

"I don't know, I'm sure," said Fraser. "I hope I should."

"Do you mean to say," said Miss Tyrell, severely, "that if I fell into the river here, for instance, you wouldn't jump in and try to save me?"

"Of course I should," said Fraser, hotly. "I should jump in after you if I couldn't swim a stroke."

Miss Tyrell, somewhat taken aback, murmured her gratification.

"I should go in after you," continued the mate, who was loth to depart from the subject, "if it was blowing a gale, and the sea full of sharks."

"What a blessing it is there are no sharks round our coast," said Miss Tyrell, in somewhat of a hurry to get away from the mate's heroism. "Have you ever seen one?"

"Saw them in the Indian

Ocean when I was an apprentice," replied Fraser.

"You've been on foreign-going ships, then?" said the girl. "I wonder you gave it up for this."

"This suits me better," said Fraser; "my father's an old man, and he wanted me home. I shall have a little steamer he's got an interest in as soon as her present skipper goes, so it's just as well for me to know these waters."

In this wise they sat talking until evening gave way to night, and the deck of the *Fairw* was obscured in shadow. Lamps were lit on the wharves, and passing craft hung out their side-lights. The girl rose to her feet.

"I won't wait any longer; I must be going," she said.

"He may be back at any moment," urged the mate.

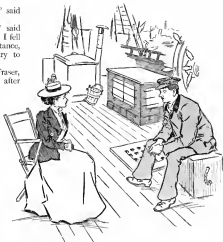
"No, I'd better go, thank you," replied the girl; "it's getting late. I don't like going home alone."

"I'll come with you, if you'll let me," said the mate, eagerly.

"All the way?" said Miss Tyrell, with the air of one bargaining.

"Of course," said Fraser.

"Well, I'll give him another half-hour,



"I SHOULD JUMP IN AFTER YOU IF I COULDN'T SWIM A STROKE."

then," said the girl, calmly. "Shall we go down into the cabin? It's rather chilly up here now."

The mate showed her below, and, lighting the lamp, took a seat opposite and told her a few tales of the sea, called when he was an apprentice, and credulous of ear. Miss Tyrell retaliated with some told her by her father, from which Fraser was able to form his own opinion of that estimable mariner. The last story was of a humorous nature, and the laughter which ensued grated oddly on the ear of the sturdy, good-looking seaman who had just come on board. He stopped at the companion for a moment listening in amazement, and then, hastily descending, entered the cabin.

"Poppy!" he cried. "Why, I've been waiting up at the Wheelers' for you for nearly a couple of hours."

"I must have missed you," said Miss Tyrell, serenely. "Annoying, isn't it?"

The master of the *Foam* said it was, and seemed from his manner to be anxious to do more justice to the subject than that.

"I didn't dream you'd come down here," he said, at length.

"No, you never invited me, so I came without," said the girl, softly; "it's a 'dear little schooner, and I like it very much. I shall come often."

A slight shade passed over Captain Flower's face, but he said nothing.

"You must take me back now," said Miss Tyrell. "Good-bye, Mr. Fraser."

She held out her hand to the mate, and giving a friendly pressure, left the cabin, followed by Flower.

The mate let them get clear of the ship, and then, clambering on to the jetty, watched them off the wharf, and, plunging his hands into his pockets, whistled softly.

"Poppy Tyrell," he said to himself, slowly. "Poppy Tyrell! I wonder why the skipper has never mentioned her. I wonder why she took his arm. I wonder whether she knows that he's engaged to be married."

Deep in thought he paced slowly up and down the wharf, and then wandered listlessly round the piled-up empties and bags of sugar in the open floor beneath the warehouse. A glance through the windows of the office showed him the watchman slumbering peacefully by the light of a solitary gas-jet, and he went back to the schooner and gazed at the dark water and the dim shapes of the neighbouring craft in a vein of gentle melancholy. He walked to the place where her chair had been, and tried to conjure up the scene again; then, becoming uncertain as to the exact spot, went down to the cabin, where, the locker being immovable, no such difficulty presented itself. He gazed his fill

and then, smoking a meditative pipe, turned in and fell fast asleep.

He was awakened suddenly from a dream of rescuing a small shark surrounded by a horde of hungry Poppies, by the hurried and dramatic entrance of Captain Fred Flower. The captain's eyes were wild and his face harassed, and he unlocked the door of his state-room and stood with the handle of it in his hand before he paused to answer the question in the mate's sleepy eyes.

"It's all right, Jack," he said, breathlessly.

"I'm glad of that," said the mate, calmly.

"I hurried a bit," said the skipper.

"Anxious to see me again, I suppose," said the mate; "what are you listening for?"

"Thought I heard somebody in the water as I came aboard," said Flower, glibly.

"What have you been up to?" inquired the other, quickly.

Captain Flower turned and regarded him with a look of offended dignity.

"Good heavens! don't look like that," said the mate, misreading it. "You haven't chucked anybody overboard, have you?"

"If anybody should happen to come aboard this vessel," said Flower, without deigning to reply to the question, "and ask questions about the master of it, he's as unlike me, Jack, as any two



THE CAPTAIN.

people in this world can be. D'ye understand?"

"You'd better tell me what you've been up to," urged the mate.

"As for your inquisitiveness, Jack, it don't become you," said Flower, with severity; "but I don't suppose it'll be necessary to trouble you at all."

He walked out of the cabin and stood listening at the foot of the companion-ladder, and the mate heard him walk a little way up. When he re-entered the cabin his face had cleared, and he smiled comfortably.

"I shall just turn in for an hour," he said, amiably; "good-night, Jack."

"Good-night," said the curious mate. "I say——" he sat up suddenly in his bunk and looked seriously at the skipper.

"Well?" said the other.

"I suppose," said the mate, with a slight cough—"I suppose it's nothing about that girl that was down here?"

"Certainly not," said

Flower, violently. He extinguished the lamp, and, entering his state-room, closed the door and locked it, and the mate, after lying a little while drowsily wondering what it all meant, fell asleep again.

## II.

WHILE the skipper and mate slumbered peacefully below, the watchman sat on a post at the extreme end of the jetty, yearning for human society and gazing fearfully behind him at the silent, dimly-lit wharf. The two gas-lamps high up on the walls gave but a faint light, and in no way dispelled the deep shadows thrown by the cranes and the piled-up empties which littered the place. He gazed intently at the dark opening of the floor beneath the warehouse, half-fancying that he could again discern the veiled apparition which had looked in at him through the office window, and had finally vanished before his horror-struck eyes in a corner the only outlet to which was a grating. Albeit a careful man and tender, the watchman pinched himself. He was

awake, and, rubbing the injured part, swore softly.

"If I go down and tell 'em," he murmured softly, in allusion to the crew, "what'll they do? Laugh at me."

He glanced behind him again, and, rising hastily to his feet, nearly fell on to the deck below as a dark figure appeared for a moment at the opening and then vanished again. With more alacrity than might have been expected of a man of his figure, he dropped into the rigging and lowered himself on to the schooner.

The scuttle was open, and the seamen's lusty snores fell upon his ears like sweet music. He backed down the ladder, and groped in the darkness towards the banks with outstretched hand. One snore stopped instantly.

"Eh!" said a sleepy voice. "Wot! 'Ere, what the blazes are you up to?"

"A' right, Joe," said the watchman, cheerfully.

"But it ain't all right," said the seaman, sharply, "comin' down in the dark an' ketchin' 'old o' people's noses. Give me quite a start, you did."

"It's nothing to the start I've 'ad," said the other, pathetically; "there's a ghost on the wharf, Joe. I want you to come up with me and see what it is."

"Yes, I'm sure to do that," said Joe, turning over in his bunk till it creaked with his weight. "Go away, and let me get to sleep again. I don't get a night's rest like you do, you know."

"What's the matter?" inquired a sleepy voice.

"Old George 'ere ses there's a ghost on the wharf," said Joe.

"I've seen it three times," said the watchman, eager for sympathy.

"I expect it's a death-warning for you, George," said the voice, solemnly. "The last watchman died sudden, you remember."

"So he did," said Joe.

"His 'art was wrong," said George, curtly; "'ad been for years."

"Well, we can't do nothin' for you, George," said Joe, kindly; "it's no good us going up. We sha'n't see it. It isn't meant for us."



"HALF-FANCYING THAT HE COULD DISCERN THE VEILED APPARITION."

"Ow d'yer know it's a ghost?" said a third voice, impatiently; "very likely while you're all jawing about it down 'ere it's a-burglin' the offis."

Joe gave a startled grunt, and, rolling out of his bunk, grabbed his trousers, and began to dress. Three other shadowy forms followed suit, and, hastily dressing, followed the watchman on deck and gained the wharf. They went through the gloomy ground floor in a body, yawning sleepily.

"I shouldn't like to be a watchman," said a young ordinary seaman named Tim, with a shiver; "a ghost might easy do anything with you while you was all alone. I'raps it walks up an' down behind you, George, makin' faces. We shall be gorn in another hour, George."

The office, when they reached it, was undisturbed, and, staying only long enough to drink the watchman's coffee, which was heating over a gas-jet, they left it and began to search the wharf, Joe leading with a lantern.

There was a faint scream and an exclamation of triumph from the seaman. "I've got it!" he shouted.

The others followed hastily, and saw the fearless Joe firmly gripping the apparition. At the sight the cook furtively combed his hair with his fingers, while Tim modestly buttoned up his jacket.

"Take this lantern, so's I can hold her better," said Joe, extending it.

The cook took it from him and, holding it up, revealed the face of a tall, goose-looking woman of some seven or eight and twenty.

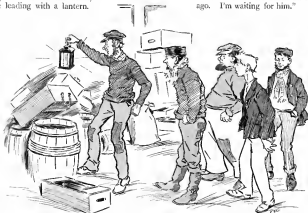
"What are you doin' here?" demanded the watchman, with official austerity.

"I'm waiting for a friend of mine," said the visitor, struggling with Joe. "Make this man leave go of me, please."

"Joe," said the watchman, with severity, "I'm ashamed of you. Who is your friend, miss?"

"His name is Robinson," said the lady.

"He came on here about an hour ago. I'm waiting for him."



"THEY BEGAN TO SEARCH THE WHARF."

"Are we all 'ere?" demanded Tim, suddenly.

"I am," said the cook, emphatically.

"Cos I see so'thing right behind them bags o' sugar," said the youth, clutching hold of the cook on one side and the watchman on the other. "Spread out a bit, chaps."

Joe dashed boldly round with the lantern.

"There's nobody here," said the watchman, shaking his head.

"I think he has gone on that little ship," said the lady; "I suppose I can wait here till he comes off. I'm not doing any harm."

"The ship'll sail in about an hour's time, miss," said Tim, regretfully, "but there ain't nobody o' the name of Robinson aboard her."



All the crew's 'ere, and there's only the skipper and mate on her besides."

"You can't deceive me, young man, so don't try it," said the lady, sharply. "I followed him on here, and he hasn't gone off, because the gate has been locked since."

"I can't think who the lady means," said Joe. "I ain't seen nobody come aboard. If he did, he's down the cabin."

"Well, I'll go down there," said the lady, promptly.

"Well, miss, it's nothing to do with us," said Joe, "but it's my opinion you'll find the skipper and mate has turned in."

"Well, I'm going down," said the lady, gripping her parasol firmly by the middle; "they can't eat me."

She walked towards the *Room*, followed by the perplexed crew, and with the able assistance of five pairs of hands reached the deck. The companion was open, and at Joe's whispered instructions she turned and descended the steps backwards.

It was at first quite dark in the cabin, but as the visitor's eyes became accustomed to it, she could just discern the outlines of a small table, while a steady breathing assured her that somebody was sleeping close by. Feeling her way to the table she discovered a locker, and taking a seat coughed gently. The breathing continuing quite undisturbed, she coughed again, twice.

The breathing stopped suddenly. "Who the devil's that coughing?" asked a surprised voice.

"I beg pardon, I'm sure," said the visitor, "but is there a Mr. Robinson down here?"

The reply was so faint and smothered that she could not hear it. It was evident that the speaker, a modest man, was now speaking from beneath the bed-clothes.

"Is Mr. Robinson here?" she repeated, loudly.

"Never heard of him," said the smothered voice.

"It's my opinion," said the visitor, hotly, "that you're trying to deceive me. Have you got a match?"

The owner of the voice said that he had not, and with chilly propriety added that he wouldn't give it to her if he had. Whereupon the lady rose, and, fumbling on the little mantelpiece, found a box and struck

one. There was a lamp fixed at the side of the mantelpiece, and calmly removing the chimney she lit it.

A red, excited face, with the bed-clothes fast about its neck, appeared in a small bunk and stared at her in speechless amaze. The visitor returned his gaze calmly, and then looked carefully round the cabin.

"Where does that lead to?" she asked, pointing to the door of the state-room.

The mate, remembering in time the mysterious behaviour of Flower, considered the situation. "That's the pantry," he said, untruthfully.

The visitor rose and tried the handle. The door was locked, and she looked doubtfully at the mate. "I suppose that's a leg of mutton I can hear asleep in there," she said, with acerbity.

"You can suppose what you like," said the



"WELL DON'T YOU GO AWAY?"

mate, testily; "why don't you go away? I'm surprised at you."

"You'll be more surprised before I've done with you," said the lady, with emotion. "My Fred's in there, and you know it."

"Your Fred!" said Fraser, in great surprise.

"Mr. Robinson," said the visitor, correcting herself.

"I tell you there's nobody in there except the skipper," said the mate.

"You said it was the pantry just now," exclaimed the other, sharply.

"The skipper sleeps in the pantry so's he can keep his eye on the meat," explained Fraser.

The visitor looked at him angrily. "What sort of a man is he?" she inquired, suddenly.

"You'll soon know if he comes out," said the mate. "He's the worst-tempered man afloat, I should think. If he comes out and finds you here, I don't know what he'll do."

"I'm not afraid of him," said the other, with spirit. "What do you call him? Skipper?"

The mate nodded, and the visitor tapped loudly at the door. "Skipper!" she cried, "Skipper!"

No answer being vouchsafed, she repeated her cry in a voice louder than before.

"He's a heavy sleeper," said the perturbed Fraser; "better go away, there's a good girl."

The lady, scornfully ignoring him, rapped on the door and again called upon its occupant. Then, despite her assurance, she sprang back with a scream as a reply burst through the door with the suddenness and fury of a thunder-clap.

"HALLOA!" it said.

"My goodness," said the visitor, aghast. "What a voice! What a terrible voice!"

She recovered herself and again approached the door.

"Is there a gentleman named Robinson in there?" she asked, timidly.

"GENTLEMAN-NAMED-WHO?" came the thunder-clap again.

"Robinson," said the lady, faintly.

"No! No!" said the thunder-clap. Then—"Go AWAY," it rumbled. "Go AWAY."

The reverberation of that mighty voice rolled and shook through the cabin. It even affected the mate, for the visitor, glancing towards him, saw that he had nervously concealed himself beneath the bed-clothes, and was shaking with fright.

"I daresay his bark is worse than his bite," said the visitor, trembling; "anyway, I'm going to stay here. I saw Mr. Robinson come here, and I believe he's got him in there. Killing him, perhaps. Oh! Oh!"

To the mate's consternation she began to laugh, and then changed to a piercing scream, and, unused to the sex as he was, he realized that this was the much-dreaded hysteria of which he had often heard, and faced her with a face as pallid as her own.

"Chuck some water over yourself," he said, hastily, nodding at a jug which stood on the table. "I can't very well get up to do it myself."

The lady ignored this advice, and by dint of much strength of mind regained her self-

control. She sat down on the locker again, and folding her arms showed clearly her intention to remain.

Half an hour passed; the visitor still sat grimly upright. Twice she sniffed slightly, and, with a delicate handkerchief, pushed up her veil and wiped away the faint beginnings of a tear.

"I suppose you think I'm acting strangely?" she said, catching the mate's eye after one of these episodes.

"Oh, don't mind me," said the mate, with studied politeness; "don't mind hurting my feelings or taking my character away."

"Pooh! you're a man," said the visitor, scornfully; "but, character or no character, I'm going to see into that room before I go away, if I sit here for three weeks."

"How're you going to manage about eating and drinking all that time?" inquired Fraser.

"How are you?" said the visitor; "you can't get up while I'm here, you know."

"Well, we'll see," said the mate, vaguely.

"I'm sure I don't want to annoy anybody," said the visitor, softening, "but I've had a lot of trouble, young man, and, what's worse, I've been made a fool of. This day three weeks ago I ought to have been married."

"I'm sure you ought," murmured the other.

The lady ignored the interruption. "Travelling under Government on secret service, he said he was," she continued; "always away: here to-day, China to-morrow, and America the day after."

"Flying?" queried the interested mate.

"I daresay," snapped the visitor; "anything to tell me, I suppose. We were to be married by special license. I'd even got my *trousseau* ready."

"And it didn't come off?" inquired the mate, leaning out of his bunk.

"All my relations bought new clothes, too," continued the visitor; "leastways, those that could afford it did. He even went and helped me choose the cake."

"Well, is that wrong?" asked the puzzled mate.

"He didn't buy it, he only chose it," said the other, having recourse to her handkerchief again. "He went outside the shop to see whether there was one he would like better, and when I came out he had disappeared."

"He must have met with an accident," said the mate, politely.

"I saw him to-night," said the lady, tersely. "Once or twice he had mentioned Wapping

in conversation, and then seemed to check himself. That was my clue. I've been round this dismal, heathenish place for a fortnight. To-night I saw him; he came on this wharf, and *he has not gone off*. . . . It's my belief he's in that room."

Before the mate could reply the hoarse voice of the watchman came down the companion-way. "Ha'-past eleven, sir; tide's just on the turn."

"Aye, aye," said the mate. He turned imploringly to the visitor.

"Would you do me the favour just to step on deck a minute?"

"What for?" inquired the visitor, shortly.

"Because I want to get up," said the mate.

"I sha'n't move," said the lady.

"But I've got to get up, I tell you," said the mate; "we're getting under way in ten minutes."

"And what might that be?" asked the lady.

"Why, we make a start. You'd better go ashore unless you want to be carried off."

"I sha'n't move," repeated the visitor.

"Well, I'm sorry to be rude," said the mate. "George."

"Sir," said the watchman, from above.

"Bring down a couple o' men and take this lady ashore," said the mate, sternly.

"I'll send a couple down, sir," said the watchman, and moved off to make a selection.

"I shall scream 'murder and thieves,'" said the lady, her eyes gleaming. "I'll bring the police up and cause a scandal. Then perhaps I shall see into that room."

In face of determination like this the mate's courage gave way, and in a voice of much anxiety he called upon his captain for instructions.

"CAST OFF," bellowed the mighty voice. "IF-YOUR-SWEETHEART-WON'T-GO-ASHORE-SHE-MUST-COME-TOO.-YOU-MUST-PAY-SHE-PASSAGE."

"Well, of all the cursed impudence," muttered the incensed mate. "Well, if you're bent on coming," he said, hotly, to the visitor, "just go on deck while I dress."

The lady hesitated a moment and then withdrew. On deck the men eyed her curiously, but made no attempt to interfere with her, and in a couple of minutes the mate came running up to take charge.

"Where are we going?" inquired the lady, with a trace of anxiety in her voice.

"France," said Fraser, turning away.

The visitor looked nervously round. At the adjoining wharf a sailing barge was also getting under way, and a large steamer was slowly turning in the middle of the river. She took a pace or two towards the side.

"Cast off," said Fraser, impatiently, to the watchman.

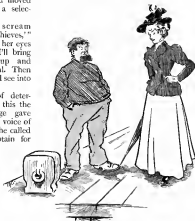
"Wait a minute," said the visitor, hastily, "I want to think."

"Cast off," repeated the mate.

The watchman obeyed, and the schooner's side moved slowly from the wharf. At the sight the visitor's nerve forsook her, and with a frantic cry she ran to the side and, catching the watchman's outstretched hand, sprang ashore.

"Good-bye," sang out the mate; "sorry you wouldn't come to France with us. The lady was afraid of the foreigners, George. If it had been *England* she wouldn't have minded."

"Aye, aye," said the watchman, significantly, and, as the schooner showed her stern, turned to answer, with such lies as he thought the occasion demanded, the eager questions of his fair companion.



(To be continued)

## From Behind the Speaker's Chair.

L.L.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

A PLEASING hope that last Session flattered the breast of the Chancellor of the Exchequer was doomed to disappointment.

When discovery was made that Mr. Villiers, who for years had been in receipt of a Cabinet pension of £2,000 a year, died worth £354,687 15s. 9d., it was assumed that the executors would make haste to repay with compound interest the aggregate of the pension drawn. There had evidently been a mistake somewhere. The pension of ex-Cabinet Ministers is a plan devised towards the middle of the century with the commendable object of preventing statesmen out of office from suffering in their personal estate. Proportionately the emoluments of Ministers who serve the British Crown are pitiful. Mr. Gladstone, who for more than sixty years devoted his time to the service of the country, died leaving a personal fortune amounting to about one-seventh of that bequeathed by Mr. Villiers. Mr. Gladstone never drew the pension of an ex-Cabinet Minister, taking his salary only when in office. At one time he even saved the Exchequer the annual amount of a first-class Ministerial salary by combining the work of two offices for the remuneration of one.

Mr. Gladstone inherited a modest personal fortune, and never had occasion to make the indispensable declaration that accompanies application for Cabinet pension—that its allotment is necessary in order that the suppliant may maintain the position of an ex-Minister of the Crown. Mr. Disraeli was in other circumstances, and, very properly, availed himself of the privilege of a pension the country cheerfully paid.

Another man of genius whose case the Cabinet pension fund fortuitously fits is Lord Cross. There is a general impression that he is a man of supreme business capacity, whose knowledge of financial affairs in connection with the investment of private property is justly valued in the highest quarter. There is even a dim notion that he is beneficially connected with a flourishing banking institution. This, like much other talk about public men, must be a popular delusion. Lord Cross is a patriot statesman who, having for a brief time enjoyed in succession the emoluments of Home Secretary and Secretary of State for India, has for many years regularly drawn his £2,000, paid quarterly from the pension list.



"A PENSIONER."

When Mr. Villiers began to draw his pension he, like Lord Cross, must needs have made the statutory declaration that the money was necessary to enable him to maintain a position compatible with his former Ministerial office. That the solemn declaration agreed with his circumstances at the time is beyond the shadow of a doubt. Obviously they must have changed at some later period, or the pensioner would not have been in a position to bequeath to his nephews

something over a third of a million sterling. Mr. Arthur Balfour, approached last Session on the subject, privately intimated to the member who placed the question on the paper that, in his opinion, the published statement of Mr. Villiers's personality did not affect the question of the pension. He had, Mr. Balfour said, been enriched by the bequeathal of the fortune of a lady, but had resolutely declined to benefit by the bequest, now transferred to his heirs.

There is evidently a serious misunderstanding here, either on Mr. Balfour's part or on that of the member with whom he communicated. The lady in question was Miss Mellish, who died at her residence in Great Stanhope Street on the 17th of February, 1880. She left personal estate sworn under £120,000 value. This she bequeathed in trust to pay the income to Mr. Villiers during his life, it passing absolutely on Mr. Villiers's death to another gentleman, named co-executor with him. These yearly payments, accruing only since 1880, would not amount to anything like £354.687, not to mention the fifteen and ninepence.

A PARALLEL CASE. I understand that during the present Session an attempt will be made to enforce a regulation preventing recurrence of this scandal. Some years ago an ex-Liberal Minister, who at a particular date found himself in a position to make the statutory declaration which is an essential preliminary to receiving such pension, came into a fortune. Whilst in his mind was crystallizing the simply honest intention of writing to the Treasury to inform them of his good fortune, and begging that his name might be removed from the pension list, hon. gentlemen seated opposite in the House of Commons, zealous for public economy, began to move in the matter. Questions were with relentless pertinacity addressed to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who was speedily able to announce that the pension was stopped.

What is needed is a further regulation that once a year, or at least triennially, recipients of these pensions shall be required to renew their declaration as to the condition of their private resources. Mr. Villiers had been for so long in receipt of a pension granted in recognition of a few years' service at the Poor Law Board, that he came to regard it as a matter of course, forgetting the definite condition upon which it had been allotted. Had he been reminded by some such communication as is here suggested, he would have awakened to a true sense of the situation, and as an honourable man would forthwith have relinquished the pension, possibly even have repaid what he had inadvertently overdrawn.

A ROMANCE OF THE PEERAGE. When the late Lord Barrington, seventh in succession to the Irish Viscountcy, was made a peer of the United Kingdom, people asked why. He had long sat as member for that intelligent constituency of Eye, immediately afterwards connected with quite another order of statesman. He never, as far as I remember, took part in debate, and such services as he rendered to the State appeared to be adequately rewarded by his appointment as Vice-Chamberlain of the Queen's household. Nevertheless, Lord Beaconsfield, finding his Government crushed by the General Election of 1880, made haste, before it fell, to make Lord Barrington an English peer.

Members of the House of Commons, ransacking their memories for suggestion of reason, recalled how one night, whilst Dizzy was still with us in the Commons, he, awakening from profound reverie, could not find his eye-glass. He wanted to stick it in his right eye and take his accustomed survey of the House. With a haste and perturbation foreign to his impassive manner, he rooted about in the recesses of his waistcoat, tugged at his shirt-collar, peered on the ground at his feet, had given it up for a bad job, when Lord Barrington, who was sitting near him, quietly put his hand between the Premier's shoulders and brought round the errant glass.

Dizzy, though not demonstrative, never forgot a friend or a favour. So it came about five years later, when the reins of power were slipping out of his fingers, he held them for a moment longer to give Lord Barrington a seat in the House of Lords

and a place on the roll of the English peerage. At least, that was what was said at the time in the private conversation of Lord Barrington's friends.

#### HERSCHELL'S MAIDEN SPEECH.

The late Lord Herschell made his mark in the House of Commons at the very first opportunity. I have occasion to remember it, for the member for the City of Durham, after he came to the Woolsack, more than once alluded in terms of quite undeserved kindness to an episode connected with the event. When Herschell came into Parliament he was quite unknown outside Bar and Circuit circles. Over a space of a quarter of a



"THE LOST EYE-GLASS."

century I well remember how one night there rose from the third bench above the gangway, on the Opposition side, a dark-visaged, self-possessed, deliberately spoken young man, who, making his maiden speech, addressed the House as if he had been born and nurtured on the premises. The topic was the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill, the audience small, and not demonstratively appreciative. I was much struck with the new-comer's capacity and promise, and noted them (I think) in the articles "Under the Clock" then commencing in the *World*.

In later years praise and appreciation came full-handed to the Solicitor-General, the Lord Chancellor, the chosen representative of Great Britain in International conferences. Lord Herschell, not given to gushing, more than once said that appreciation coming at that particular time was more useful in its encouragement, more gratefully remembered, than was the din of applause that greeted and sustained his prime.

Herschell did admirably in the House of Commons, steadily working his way through it to the Woolstack. But he was at his best in the House of Lords. The place, its surroundings, and its associations were more in unison with his unemotional, somewhat cold, stately nature and manner. He had not the light touch that delights a jaded House of Commons. He always spoke as if he were seated, wigged and gowned, on the Bench, never varying from judicial manner. In the Lords, whilst the same style was prevalent, there was something in the prevailing atmosphere, and in the relative position of the party to which he belonged and the overwhelming numbers opposed to it, that stirred the depths of his nature. When he stepped aside from the Woolstack to take part in debate,

he spoke with an animation of voice and gesture quite unfamiliar with him in the Commons. Perhaps the associations of the wig and gown with their memories of assize conflict had something to do with the increased animation. However that be, it was strongly marked, and added considerably to the effect of his speech.

As years advanced and honours increased, Herschell's conscientiousness, his shrinking from any step that savoured of a job, grew in predominance. He raised quite a storm by his disinclination to make use of the magisterial Bench as a means of distributing rewards among good Liberals. The same extreme, perhaps morbid, delicacy ruled his conduct in the appointment of judges. There was a time during his Lord Chancellorship when the long-overlooked claim of Mr. Arthur Cohen to a judgeship seemed certain of recognition. Everybody said Cohen would be the new judge. Lord Herschell did not question his capacity or suitability. But Mr. Cohen had sat in the House of Commons for Southwark, and had taken active part in furthering the cause of the Liberal party. Herschell felt conscious of a disposition to recognise party services of that character and lived them down. Someone else who had



LORD HERSCHELL.—A SKETCH IN THE LODGE.



LORD HERSCHELL AS LORD CHANCELLOR.

done nothing for the Liberal party got the judgeship.

"Cohen at least oughtn't to be surprised," said one of the wittiest judges still in ermine. "He would know that he could not expect anything from a Jew but a passover."

I once asked the late Sir William Adam, the popular and able Liberal Whip of the 1874 Parliament, why Whips stand or walk about the lobby without their hats on. "I don't know," he answered, with Scottish caution, "unless it be to keep their heads cool. That, you know, is a necessary condition of success in our line of business."

That a Whip should never wear his hat whilst the House is in Session is one of the quaint unwritten laws of Parliament. Its origin, like the birth of Jeanne, is "wrought up in a mystery." It probably arose in the case of some hot-blooded, bustling Whip, who found head-gear heating. However it be, the custom has reached the status of an immutable law. It would not be more surprising to see the Speaker sitting bare-headed in the Chair when the Mace is on the table than to find the chief Whips or any one of their colleagues going about his business in the lobby with his hat on.

So intimate is the association of ideas, that when one day last Session Lord Stalbridge looked in and stood for awhile by the door of the lobby with his hat on, old members gasped. It is many years since Lord Stalbridge, then Lord Richard Grosvenor, acted as Whip. So abiding are old associations that it was not without a shock he, after long interval, was observed wearing his hat in his old place on guard by the door, where he had instinctively planted himself.

THE CAMEL OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS. The fascination which pertains to the office of Whip is incomprehensible to some minds. It is, at best, a thankless post. If things go right in the division lobby the result is accepted as a matter of course. If they go wrong, woe to the Whip! He is the camel of the House of Commons, doing all the drudgery, taking none of the honour. Moreover, he is not allowed to share the privilege of the camel, whose haughty "don't-know-you" air as it regards mankind must be some recompense for all

the toil and indignity it suffers. A Whip, on the contrary, must always be in beaming good humour. Like Caesar's wife (according to the version of the Yorkshire mayor), he must be all things to all men.

LORD — There was in an elder Parliament a well-known exception to the rule that enforces equanimity of temper on the Whip. Many members of the present House retain memories of a noble lord, now gathered to his fathers, who was a terror to evil-doers. It was the epoch of all-night sittings, when fathers of families had a yearning desire to go home not later than one o'clock in the morning. Seated on the bench by the lobby door the Whip, who had been up all the previous night, might be forgiven if he dropped asleep. But he slept with one eye and one ear open. The anxious parent, closely watching him and timidly making for the door, never did more than touch its framework before a hand was on his shoulder, and there rattled in his ear observations which seemed quotations from the conversation of our army when in Flanders.

That was an exceptional personal idiosyncrasy, and the energetic remonstrator was not the Chief Whip. He was useful in his way. But his particular method of address had no precedent and has not been imitated.

THE PRIZES OF THE WHIPS' ROOM. The attraction of the Whips' office is certainly not based on pecuniary considerations. The Patronage Secretary has a salary of £2,000 a year, his colleagues, who rank as Junior Lords of the Treasury, receiving half that sum. When their party is out of office, the Whips, with very nearly as much work to do, draw no pay. It is true that the Whips' room is the rarely failing avenue to higher Ministerial office. In two recent cases, that of Mr. Brand and Mr. Peel, it led to the Speaker's Chair and a peerage. Mr. Arnold Morley was made Postmaster-General, Sir. William Dyke became Vice-



ON GUARD—MR. WILLIAM WALBOND, CHIEF CONSERVATIVE WHIP.

President of the Council, his colleague, Mr. Rowland Wynn, being made a peer. The present First Commissioner of Works was long time Conservative Whip. The late Colonel Taylour was made Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. The long services of Sir William Adam received niggardly reward by appointment to the Governorship of Madras.

In former times the Chief Government Whip, who still retains the style of Patronage Secretary, had a multitude of good things to give away. Beginning his career fifty years ago, and not having his steps directed towards the Woolsack, the Patronage Secretaryship would have just suited Lord Halsbury. Now the Patronage Secretaryship is, like friendship, "but a name." The Chief Whip has nothing in his wallet for hungry dependents, or for influential constituents—not even a tide-waitership or a country post-mastership. Nevertheless the post of Whip continues to wield potent fascination for young, active, and ambitious members of the House. It is a life of constant, in the main, obscure drudgery, rarely illumined, as it happily was last Session, by the flash of silver cigar caskets and the sheen of golden match-boxes.

The great gilt instrument that rests upon the table of the House of Commons, when the Speaker is in the Chair, is the third of its race. The first that lives in history has no birth-date. But its disappear-

ance at spectacle of a symbol, put the Mace in the melting-pot and the proceeds of the transaction in his pocket. However it be, the first Mace was seen in its resting-place on such and such a day and, like ships posted up at Lloyd's, has not since been heard of.

When Cromwell came into power, and Parliamentary proceedings were resumed, he ordered another Mace to be made. This lives in history as the banble which, later, Cromwell himself ordered to be taken away. His command was literally obeyed. The second Mace was so effectually removed that, like the first, it was never more seen or heard of.

The Mace which now glistens on the table of the House of Commons, and is carried before the Speaker when he visits the House of Lords, is of considerable antiquity. It was made in 1660, on the restoration of Charles II. It is watched over with infinite care, being through the Session in personal charge of the Serjeant-at-Arms. During the recess it is, as was the wont and usage of traitors in olden times, committed to the Tower, where it is guarded as not the least precious among the jewels of the Crown.

Whilst Lord Peel was yet "GONE TO SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS," mons, he, from information received, was momentarily flushed with hope that Cromwell's Mace had been discovered in Jamaica. Diligent inquiry on the spot blighted this hope. It turned out that there are two Maces in the Colony, but



THE LATE MR. T. B. KILLEN—CHIEF LIBERAL WHIP.



THE MACE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

ance is authoritatively recorded. On or about the very day when Charles I. lost his head on the scaffold, the Mace of the House of Commons disappeared. Probably some stern Roundhead, his Puritanic gorge rising

they are comparatively modern, dating from the uninteresting Georgian period. One, like the lamp-posts in the neighbourhood of St. James's Palace, has stamped on its head the initials "G. R." There is the date-mark,



1753-4. The other is stamped with the King's head, and the date-mark 1757-8. Both are silver gilt.

The Speaker's inquiries brought to light the interesting fact that Jamaica at one time possessed a Mace presented to the Colony by Charles II. Doubtless it was ordered at the same time as the one at present in the House of Commons. It cost nearly £30, and was conveyed to Jamaica by Lord Windsor, the first Governor commissioned by Charles II. By an odd coincidence this Mace also disappeared. In 1672 Jamaica suffered one of its not infrequent earthquakes. Parliament House was amongst the many public buildings in Port Royal that were engulfed. It is believed that King Charles's Mace went down with the rest. However it be, like Cromwell's bauble, it has vanished from human ken.

Referring to a recent note  
BAPTISM about a member of the  
BY present House of Com-  
IMMERSION. mons, originally a clergy-  
man of the Church of  
England, who inadvertently united a  
blushing bride with the best man  
instead of with the bridegroom, an-  
other member writes to remind me of  
even a worse case of absent-minded-  
ness. The reverend gentleman in this  
case was George Dyer, an intimate  
friend of Charles Lamb. Early in his  
career he did duty as a Baptist minister,  
his ministration being on the whole  
not unattended with success. One  
day, performing the rite of baptism by  
total immersion, he fell into a train of  
profound thought, meanwhile holding  
an old woman under water till she  
was drowned.

This led to some unpleasantness,  
and Mr. Dyer retired from the ministry.  
But he never overcame his proneness to  
absent-mindedness. One night, on leaving  
Charles Lamb's hospitable house, he walked  
straight ahead out of the front door and  
strode plump into the New River.

THE PRE- stories. One, not the worst, is  
DECAMENT autobiographical. Shortly after  
OF A NEW he was raised to the peerage he  
PEER. took a trip to the Riviera. The  
French railway company, desirous to do  
honour to a distinguished English *confidant*,  
reserved a carriage for his private use. He  
made the most of the opportunity, getting a  
good sleep shortly after leaving Paris on the  
journey south. At some unknown hour of  
the night, at some unrecognised station, the

door of the carriage was suddenly opened.  
A lantern was flashed upon him, and a voice  
sharply cried, "*Votre nom ?*"

Lord Rathmore, wakened out of his sleep,  
looking up in a partly dazed condition, dis-  
covered a railway official on his way round  
for tickets. Lord Rathmore's name was on  
the paper affixed to the window, marking the  
compartment as reserved. The official, in  
performance of his duty, and with that pas-  
sion for regularizing everything which besets  
Frenchmen in uniform, merely desired to  
identify the occupant of the carriage with the  
person to whose use it was inscribed.

"*Votre nom ?*" he sternly repeated, seeing  
the passenger hesitate.

In response there sprang to Lord Rath-  
more's lips the familiar "David Plunket."  
Happily he remembered in time that he was



"WHAT ON EARTH IS MY NAME?"

no longer David Plunket, but for the life of  
him, wakened out of his sleep, and thus  
abruptly challenged, he could not remember  
what title in the peerage he had selected.

Here was a pickle! Anyone familiar with  
the arbitrary ways of the French railway  
official will know what would have happened  
supposing the passenger had confessed that  
he really didn't know his own name. Cold  
sweat bedewed the forehead a coronet had  
not yet pressed. The new peer began to  
regret more bitterly than ever that he had  
left the House of Commons. The interval  
seemed half an hour. Probably it was only  
half a minute before recollection of his new  
name surged back upon him, and he hurriedly  
but gratefully pronounced it.



BY JOHN OXENHAM.

*Author of "God's Prisoner," etc., etc.*



**M**R. CHARLES CHERRITON was a gentleman of independent means, and—until he bought that cabinet—of unlimited leisure. But when once he possessed that cabinet—or the cabinet possessed him—it took up a considerable amount of his time.

For forty years Mr. Cherriton had been something in the City, and had gone in and out and done his many duties with the regularity of an American timepiece. Then, having laid by a certain sum during many years of modest living, he claimed his pension from the bank and retired with Mrs. Cherriton to the tranquil delights of suburbanism.

There one of his peculiar pleasures was to stroll about of a morning in slippers, with a pipe, reading his newspaper and watching his neighbours play havoc with their internal machinery by rushing frantically for their trains, with their little handbags in their hands, and the flag-ends of their breakfasts still in their throats, and their hastily-lighted cigars or cigarettes wasting fruitlessly in the wind of their going. Then Mr. Cherriton would saunter into the house and sit down opposite Mrs. Cherriton and enjoy his breakfast as he never had done during those forty

years in which he himself went to the City. Not that he had ever been in the habit of racing for his train in that fashion. He was far too methodical for that. But to thoroughly enjoy one's breakfast one must have a mind absolutely at peace with the world and free from care, and he is a lucky business man who has that nowadays.

As he sauntered down the road one morning he stopped to read once more a bill elevated on a board in his next-door neighbour's garden, which announced the sale of the furniture of the house, and, as he read, his neighbour came out hastily on his way to the City.

"Morning, Cherry!" he cried, jovially.

Mr. Cherriton was always "Cherry" to everyone, and always had been. The name so obviously fitted the cheerful little round red and white face, and the little round button of a nose. He was Cherry to the life, and nobody ever thought of calling him anything else.

"Morning, Cherry! You and Mrs. Cherry coming in to-day to look over things?" He was or had been something in or about Throgmorton Street, but had somehow made a mess of things, and was selling off his household goods preparatory to a fresh start. He was jovial in manner and irregular in his

habits, going down at any time of day and coming home at any hour of the night or morning.

"Say, old man! there's a thing you might do for me," he said, confidentially, pointing to one big line in the bill: "that buhl cabinet was my wife's father's. It's a real beauty—worth £40 if it's worth a penny. The auctioneer was in last night, just to get an idea of things, don't you know, and he said he'd rarely come across a handsoner piece. He said the last one he sold wasn't in half as good condition, and he got £35 for it. Some of the Jew dealers have got wind of this. They've been asking him about it, and you know how those fellows do—make their own price and get all the plunder. Now, it'd be a mighty neighbourly thing of you, Cherry, if you'd look in to-morrow when the sale's on, and just put a spoke in their wheels if they're up to any tricks."

"How do you mean?" asked Mr. Cherriton.

"Why, if you see they're trying to get it for £5 or so, just bid it up a bit. They'll not let it slip, never you fear. But if you should get left on it, why, I'll take it off your hands and sell it again, and if there's any loss, of course I'll make it good to you. I'd hate to see it go for less than £15 or £20."

"Well, maybe we'll look in during the day," said Mr. Cherriton, and went in to enjoy his breakfast.

"Jane," he said to his wife, "we'll go in next door during the day and just take a look at their things. Clemow says that cabinet named in the advertisement is worth £40."

"Really," said Mrs. Cherriton; "I shouldn't have thought they had anything worth £40. But we don't want a £40 cabinet, Charles."

"No, my dear,

we certainly don't, and we're not going to buy one. Clemow's afraid the Jews may get it at a break-up price, £5 or so. He was just asking me to bear a hand to-morrow, and poke them up if they're up to any tricks."

Mrs. Cherriton shook her head doubtfully. "If you don't take care you'll find you've bought it."

"Oh, I'll see to that all right. I feel a bit sorry for Clemow. He's a bright, smart fellow, but he's got left somehow."

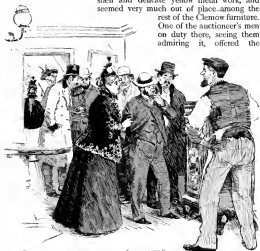
Mrs. Cherriton's wise head shook again. "I wish he would remember that decent people are generally asleep at three o'clock in the morning, and if he must drive home all the way from town, I wish he wouldn't quarrel with the cabman just outside our gate. I'm sure the neighbours thought it was you."

"He'd been to a smoker at the Holborn and missed his train, and the man thought he was drunk and wanted to overcharge him."

"I don't suppose the man was very far wrong," said Mrs. Cherriton.

During the day Mr. and Mrs. Cherriton went in next door, and they were surprised at the beauty of the buhl cabinet. It was a massive ebony affair, inlaid with red tortoise-shell and delicate yellow metal work, and seemed very much out of place among the rest of the Clemow furniture.

One of the auctioneer's men on duty there, seeing them admiring it, offered the



"IT OUGHT TO FETCH A BATTER OF £20 OR MORE."

remark that that was as handsome a piece as he'd seen for many a day, and it ought to fetch a matter of £20 or more. Several greasy individuals who were shuffling about sniffed disparagingly when they heard this, and Mr. Cherriton's instinct told him they were Jew dealers in search of plunder.

The sale was to commence at twelve o'clock precisely, and a quarter of an hour before that time found Mr. and Mrs. Cherriton seated in the room where the selling was to take place, waiting for it to begin, Mrs. Cherriton having come, of course, to see that Mr. Cherriton did not make a fool of himself. There were more people there than they had expected to find, and they mostly sat in gloomy silence, eyeing one another askance, and wondering how much any of the others would be likely to give for the particular article they themselves were after. The professional element, however, amused itself in its own way with many reminiscences of bygone auctions, and much pointed and personal chaff, and with spasmodic jokes whose humour was hidden from the world.

The time dragged slowly on, and the auctioneer did not come. The atmosphere of desecration, the general gloom, the jarring, incomprehensible jokes, all reminded Mr. Cherriton of an inquest he had once had to attend. The auctioneer's men went out to look up and down the road for his coming, and the gloom inside deepened each time they returned.

It was after one before the auctioneer put in an appearance and climbed up on to the table, on which another smaller table and a chair had been placed for his use. He began rapidly handing out catalogues, and then briskly announced "Lot 1."

The cabinet was Lot 99, but the auctioneer, having once made a start, proved himself a man of parts and rattled away at a great rate.

By two o'clock, however, both Mr. and Mrs. Cherriton were beginning to feel hungry, and at last Mr. Cherriton insisted on his wife slipping out to get something to eat, while he stayed to keep an eye on the sale.

The room was so full that she had some difficulty in getting out, and it was only the knowledge that her husband must be starving inside that made her force her way back to where he sat. The other people got somewhat annoyed at these comings and goings, and grumblingly asked if they knew whether they wanted to be there or not, and urged them to keep to the right if they must use that room as a promenade.

When Mr. Cherriton struggled out the auctioneer was vaunting the merits of Lot

No. 55—"Massive mahogany sideboard; wood alone worth £10; you don't see much work like that nowadays, gentlemen; anything over two pounds? Two pounds only bid for the massive," etc., etc.—and it seemed to Mr. Cherriton that he would have ample time to supply the void which was painfully apparent inside of him, and to get back long before Lot 99 was reached.

When he did get back, however, the auctioneer's foreman was shouting at the front door, "Lot 99 now selling, gentlemen. Eb'ny bull cabinet now selling," and when he saw Mr. Cherriton he said, "You're agoin' to miss that there cabinet unless you look sharp, sir. There's them inside as wants it and knows its value. Here y'are. Stand there. He can see you here all right.—Lot 99 now selling, gentlemen. Massive bull eb'ny cabinet now selling."

"Five pounds is all I am offered for this unique piece of furniture. Is there any advance on £5?" said the auctioneer, whom Cherriton could just see over the heads of the crowd. "Come, gentlemen, we wish to sell; but to mention £5—guineas, thank you! Five guineas—any advance on five guineas?—to mention such a sum as five guineas in connection with such a piece of furniture as this is simply—five-ten! five-ten! any advance on five pounds ten?—five-fifteen—six pounds. It's against you, sir!—six-ten, thank you!—worth twenty pounds of any man's money—six-fifteen—seven pounds—seven pounds—guineas—seven guineas—any advance on seven guineas?—and a half—seven-seventeen—six—eight pounds," and so on, bit by bit, till the cabinet stood at £12, and Cherry glowed with satisfaction at the way he had poked up those scally dealers and benefited his friend Clemow.

He was half inclined to go on and run it up to £20, for it was evident that the value of the cabinet was known, and if it was worth a dealer's while to give £12 for it, it was probably worth anybody else's to do the same. Cherry got quite excited over it. He was not used to auctions, and this one had got into his head. There couldn't be much risk in it, anyhow—especially since Clemow had undertaken to relieve him of it if he got stuck. So he flung out an intrepid nod at the auctioneer, and the auctioneer made it guineas, and then, somewhat to Cherry's dismay, the hammer fell and the cabinet was his—"and absolutely given away at the price," said the auctioneer, soothingly, as he gave in his name and paid his deposit.

Mr. Cherriton lost interest in the sale after that, and wandered outside to wonder, somewhat tardily, if Clemow were to be relied upon to keep his promise.

When the sale was over he felt inclined to take a walk rather than meet Mrs. C. He knew exactly the kind of told-you-so look of gentle reproach with which she would meet him. And she did. She was very quiet during tea, and it was not until his first feeling of discomfort was beginning to wear off under the soothing influence of his second pipe, that she said:—

"Charles, do you know I'm very much afraid you and I were bidding against one another all the time? I couldn't see who it was. Where were you?"

"I was just inside the door, towards the right. It was at £5 when I got back. How did he get through so quick?"

"Some of the lots were struck out, whatever that means, and there were some numbers with nothing to them. Then I'm pretty sure it was you. How very silly!"

"Oh, never mind, my dear. Clemow will take it off our hands, and after all we were trying to do him a good turn."

But Mrs. Cherriton shook her head somewhat dubiously, as though she did not pin much faith to the promise of a man who drove home from town at three o'clock in the morning and roused the neighbours by wrangling with the cabman at somebody else's front gate.

The following day Mr. Cherriton had to pay the balance of the purchase-money and remove the cabinet, and as it would not fit in with the rest of the furniture in the Cherriton drawing-room, and as moreover it was likely—they sincerely hoped so, at all events—to be taken away at a moment's notice by Mr. Clemow, according to promise, they decided to send it to a local furniture dealer's to be stored.

But day after day passed, and no word

came from Clemow. Cherry wrote to his office address. The letter came back in due course, marked "Gone—no address."

In desperation Cherry consulted with the local furniture man.

"I'll manage it for you, Mr. Cherriton. I've a sale on myself at the 'Elms,' next week—you know, that big house corner of the Avenue. It'll sell there, you bet. I shouldn't be a bit surprised if you got £20 for it. It's a very fine piece indeed—a very fine piece. It's been much admired since I've had it here. I've got a first-rate man coming down from London to do the selling, and there'll be a lot of good-class people there."

Cherry went home in high spirits. If he could get £20 for the cabinet that would



"I'VE GOT A FIRST-RATE MAN COMING DOWN FROM LONDON."

be a turning of the tables on the faithless Clemow, and even on Mrs. Cherriton, who could not forget that it was Cherry himself who ran the price up, and got caught at the top, quite forgetting that if he had not been caught she herself must have been.

He decided to say nothing about the possibility of getting £20 for it, but simply mentioned that he had arranged with Newton to include it in the forthcoming sale at the "Elms."

"And I sincerely hope that'll be the last of it," said Mrs. Cherriton.

The sale at the "Elms" attracted a large crowd, and Cherry's hopes ran high. That £20 and the pleasure of announcing it were

his in anticipation before even the auctioneer climbed up on to his table.

The cabinet was described in large type, and when he came to it the auctioneer emphasized all that had been said, and added to it, and Cherry glowed with satisfaction and expectation.

"Now, gentlemen," said the auctioneer, "what shall we start at? That cabinet is worth every penny of £40. Shall we say twenty to start with? Twenty pounds—any advance on twenty? Oh, well, anything you like, only please make a start. Ten pounds—thank you, sir!—quarter of its value, as no one knows better than yourself; still, it's a start. Ten pounds, gentlemen, for this splendid piece of furniture—any advance on ten pounds?—guineas, thank you—ten—eleven pounds—in two places—guineas—thank you—eleven guineas I am offered—any advance on eleven guineas?—twelve pounds—it is against you, sir—shall I make it guineas?—yes? Thank you—twelve guineas—twelve guineas only offered for this unique cabinet—come, gentlemen—it was never made for several times that amount—well, one can't spend the whole day on it. Is there any advance on twelve guineas?—going for twelve guineas—thirteen—thirteen—thirteen—ten—fourteen—ten—fourteen pounds and ten shillings—fifteen—fifteen—fifteen—ten—"

Mr. Cherriton was bursting with excitement. That £30 was as good as in his pocket. These people evidently knew the

proper value of the cabinet—his cabinet—he was proud of his connection with it—it couldn't do any harm to help it on a bit.

"Sixteen pounds," said the auctioneer, in answer to his nod.

He was hot all over at his own temerity in taking the plunge—but he was not going to let that twenty pounds run away for the lack of a little assistance.

"Sixteen—ten—seventeen—seventeen—seventeen pounds only bid—any advance on seventeen pounds?—seventeen—ten, thank you!—seventeen—ten—eighteen—eighteen pounds—eighteen—ten—nineteen—nineteen—nineteen—nineteen—ten—twenty pounds!—any advance on twenty pounds?—twenty pounds only bid for this most beautiful cabinet—any advance on twenty pounds?—going for twenty pounds—going if no advance on twenty pounds—gone! Name, sir, if you please?"

"Cherriton," said that gentleman, feebly, feeling as if he would like to lie down and die.

"Cherrystones?" asked the auctioneer, doubtfully; "perhaps you will be so good as to hand your card to the clerk, sir, and he will take the deposit."

Mr. Cherriton crept into his own house and was met by his hopeful wife. "Well, Charles, is the horrid thing sold?"

"Yes—it's sold!" he said, sinking dejectedly into a chair. "Give me a cup of tea, Jane."

"And it only fetched about £5," said his



"NAME, SIR, IF YOU PLEASE?"

wife, sympathizingly. "Well, never mind, dear, it's off your mind, anyhow, and I know it's been worrying you dreadfully, and if ever you catch that horrid Mr. Clemow, you must make him pay the difference."

"It sold for £20!" said Cherry, making a bolt of it.

"Oh, Charles!" and Mrs. Cherriton clasped her hands in delight. "And who bought it? And will he ever pay for it? Could anybody be so foolish as to actually pay £20 for it? Who was it?"

"It was me," said Cherry, grimly.

"Oh, Charles!" cried Mrs. Cherriton.

"Yes," said Cherry, anticipatively, "there are a great many fools in the world, but I'm about the biggest."

Mrs. Cherriton said nothing.

The cabinet returned to its retreat at Newton's.

Then there came another first-rate chance in Arling itself, and, by arrangement, Cherry had the cabinet inserted in the usual big type in the catalogue, and in the advertisements of the sale.

He attended it in person, and to his huge delight the bidding was brisk without any assistance from him, and at last the hammer fell at £15.

"Thank Heaven! it's gone at last," he announced in answer to his wife's apprehensive look as he came into the house. "Fifteen pounds, my dear, so we shall come out about clear after all; not quite, perhaps, but not far off, and we've had all the fun and excitement of the thing."

"Fun!" said Mrs. Cherriton. "It's not been my idea of fun at all. But I'm very thankful it's gone at last."

"So'm I," said Cherry. "Clever man, that auctioneer. He just fairly talked their heads off. But, you see, I was right after all, and the cabinet was well worth what I gave for it."

Next day, however, when he called round at the shop of the man who had the sale in hand, he was stupefied at being told:—

"I'm real sorry about that cabinet, Mr. Cherriton. You see, auctioneers have to do that kind of thing sometimes. They have to pretend they get bids, you see, and sometimes they get left."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"It was his own bid, don't you see, and so it's left on our hands. They do it for the good of the sale, and you can't say anything against it. Sometimes it comes off, sometimes it don't."

"I call it a swindle," said Cherry, with vehemence.

"Just one of the tricks of the trade," said the man.

"That's only another name for a swindle. Well, what's to be done?"

"He told me to tell you he'd got a good sale on down in West Kensington next week, and if you cared to send it there he was pretty sure he could get a matter of £20 for it. He says it's well worth forty."

"Yes, I've heard all that before," said Cherry. "I'm getting tired of hearing it. Well," after some sulky consideration, "you'd better send it, and tell him I want it sold."

He determined to go and see the last of the cabinet, and as he started:—

"Now, Charles, dear, let me beg of you—don't bid yourself, let somebody else have it."

"I won't open my mouth till I get back," said Cherry.

It was a very fine house, and the auctioneer was not the same one who had been out to Arling. This was the head of the firm, a man of eminence in his profession, who only handled the hammer on special occasions. He was sharp and dictatorial in his ways, and stood no nonsense. Cherry heard him knock off the various lots at what seemed to him very high prices, and his spirits rose.

He reached the cabinet at last, and described it in the usual eulogistic terms, which Cherry had all off by heart, and was thoroughly sick of hearing.

"Now, gentlemen, what shall we say? Start it somebody, please. I value this piece at £40. Shall we say twenty to begin with?" Cherry's spirits went up into his head. "There's rather a run on these buhl cabinets just now, and this is as handsome a one as I've come across for a long time. The last one we sold brought—how much was it, James?" to his clerk. "Ah, yes, £15, and it wasn't a patch on this one. Come, gentlemen, make a start! I can't sit here all day while you make up your minds you don't want any bargains. Fifteen for a start—very well—fifteen—fifteen—any advance on fifteen?—fifteen—ten—sixteen—sixteen—ten—seventeen—and a half—seventeen—ten—eighteen—eighteen—ten——" and so on, and so on, just as it was in the habit of ringing through Cherry's head in the wakeful early mornings, till he couldn't lie still for it all.

The cabinet was skillfully manipulated up to £25, and Cherry's eyes were fairly hanging out with satisfaction. Why didn't the man

knock it down and make sure of it? Twenty-five pounds! Why, there would be a clear ten pounds' profit after leaving a fair margin for all the annoyance and worry. Why couldn't he drop that hammer and end it?

The auctioneer looked inquiringly at him. The auctioneer simply couldn't help it, he seemed so excited and interested.

"He wants to know if he shall let it go at the price," said Cherry to himself. "Yes, man, yes, sell it and be d—done with it!" and he nodded vigorously in his excitement.

"Twenty-five-ten!" said the auctioneer, inflexibly, "any advance on twenty-five pounds ten?—for the last time—twenty-five pounds ten—going—going—gone!"

"Name, sir, if you please?" he said, pointing his hammer at Cherry and almost knocking him over by that simple action.

"I—I—I—" said the amazed Cherry.

"Your name, sir!—if—you—please. My clerk will take your deposit. Now, sir, come, you are retarding the sale."

"Damnation!" said Cherry, in lieu of bursting. "Cherriton."

"Cherrystones, Sam, it sounded like," said the auctioneer to his clerk. "Perhaps you will send up your card, sir. Next lot!"

"Why," said a stout lady standing by the door, just as Cherry made his miserable way out, "that's the same Mr. Cherrystones as bought a buhl cabinet at Arling the other day. I've seen him myself buy at least half-a-dozen. He must be in a big way, for they're not things that sell quick. Who is he?"

Cherry almost feared to go home. He felt much more inclined to wander away into the desert and bury himself in the mud and pass away and be forgotten.

"Killed by a buhl cabinet," would be the inscription on his tombstone, if ever they found his body, and he smiled grimly to himself to think how it would excite the wondering comment of future generations. And so, having come to himself, he went home and told Mrs. Cherriton that the cabinet was still unsold.

When he opened the daily paper next morning his horror-stricken eye fell on this paragraph, and he read it at least a dozen times in a dazed kind of way:—

"We all of us have young friends who collect postage-stamps—we have probably all been guilty of the offence, if it be one, in our youth. We most of us know—to our cost, maybe—people who collect autographs, or coins, or crests. We hear of individuals whose chief gratification in

life is the acquisition of fans—or pipes, or medals, or similar easily-stowed-away articles. But there is an eccentric person down Arling way, who possesses the eccentric name of Cherrystones, and whose little hobby is the collection of—buhl cabinets! The acquisition of these massive and costly articles of furniture is a positive monomania with the eccentric Cherrystones. He buys everyone that is offered, and is said to have now the finest and largest collection in this country, and he is still constantly adding to it. Is the eccentric Mr. Cherrystones simply a collector from motives of pleasure, we wonder, or is he an extremely far-sighted individual looking forward to the time—probably not so very far distant—when buhl cabinets will be in again, and good specimens will reach fancy prices, and Mr. Cherrystones' acumen will be rewarded?" (Then followed a learned dissertation on buhl cabinets.) "Meanwhile the prices of buhl cabinets are stiffening—the one at the Burton sale in West Kensington yesterday went for over £25—to Mr. Cherrystones—and if any one of our readers happens to be the possessor of an unusually fine specimen, we advise him to stick to it till the eccentric Mr. Cherrystones comes along with his bottomless purse in his hand and makes an adequate offer for it."

Cherry folded up the paper when he had thoroughly assimilated that hideous paragraph, and placed it inside his waistcoat and went up to the City, and called on his lawyer, who was a very old friend of his. He showed him the objectionable paragraph, and stated his intention of issuing a writ for libel against the paper for holding him up to scorn, ridicule, and contempt.

"But what's it all about?" asked his friend.

"It's all a lie," said Cherry.

"But have you been buying buhl cabinets?"

"Yes, I have"—and then he told the whole story from beginning to end, and, before he was through, his friend, who had humorous points about him, lay down flat in his chair to laugh, and felt like lying down on the hearth-rug.

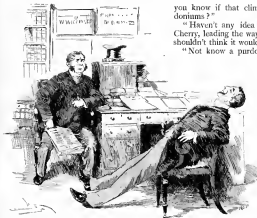
"Well, have I a case?" asked Cherry, when his friend was in a condition to be spoken to again.

"Oh, yes, you've got any amount of a case, Cherry. But you can't possibly fight it. Your defence is infinitely funnier than the original libel."

"I don't see any fun in the original libel."

"The whole thing's too funny to speak of.





"HIS FRIEND LAY DOWN FLAT IN HIS CHAIR TO LAUGH."

My advice, old man, is to get rid of that collection of cabinets, and retire into private life."

The following day an elderly gentleman of mild and benevolent appearance called at Mr. Cherriton's house and asked to see Mr. Cherriton. Cherry walked into the drawing-room, where he was waiting.

"Mr. Cherrystones?" asked the visitor, blandly.

"Cherriton, sir, Cherriton," said Cherry, irritably.

"Ah! but, all the same, the gentleman who is collecting buhl cabinets. I have called, Mr. Cherryst—Cherriton, to ask if you will accord me the favour of a sight of those famous cabinets——"

"I do not collect cabinets, sir. You have been misinformed."

"I know, I know—I quite understand, Mr. Cherrysto—Cherriton. I know just how you feel. I, too, am a collector in a more humble sphere. My speciality is purdoniums. If at any time——"

"My dear sir, I tell you it is all a mistake. I have no buhl cabinets—at least——"

"At least?"

"None I can show you," said Cherry, getting angry at his persistence. "I ship them all to Central America for safety as soon as I buy them."

"Really! How very extraordinary! Do Vol. xlv.—70.

you know if that climate is good for purdoniums?"

"Haven't any idea what they are," said Cherry, leading the way to the door; "but I shouldn't think it would be."

"Not know a purdonium!" said the old gentleman, and then Cherry closed the door.

Ten different visitors came that day to see the collection of buhl cabinets, and were all sent empty away. The servant who had been with them twenty-seven years threatened to leave if this kind of thing went on, for the callers, all being collectors of one thing or another, were extremely pertinacious, and

would not take "No" for an answer.

Next day Cherry wrote out a neat notice and pinned it under the knocker:—

"Mr. Cherriton is away from home. His collections are not on view."

Then he and Mrs. Cherriton went away to Richmond for the day, leaving old Margaret to repel the enemy. They returned in some trepidation as to what might have happened in their absence, and had to go round to the back before they could get in.

"Thought you were some more of them cranks," said Margaret; "that knocker's been going all day like a blacksmith's shop, and never once have I opened the door to any one of them. When they got tired they went away."

For several days visitors kept coming to ask if they could see the famous collection, and then Cherry hired a cart and went with it to the furniture shop where the cabinet was enjoying a well-earned rest, and had it loaded on to the cart.

There was murder in his eye.

"I've a sale on next week, Mr. Cherriton," said the furniture man, "out at Banwell. If you like to try that cabinet——"

"It's not a cabinet," snapped Cherry, "it's a nightmare, and I'm going to dispose of it myself."

He had it carried down to the bottom of his back garden, and then he got the wood-chopper.

He was eyeing the nightmare with malevolent regret, preparatory to planting the first blow, when a man came hastily down the path with Margaret at his heels.

Margaret was expostulating at the way he had slipped past her and gone through the house, "as if you was the landlord or a man in possession," said she.

"Yesh, my tear, yesh, thad's all ridght. Is dthis Misder Gherystones? Shtop, my tear sir, shtop! Holy Moshesh! Whad you going to do?"

"I'm going to chop it in pieces and burn it with fire."

"Whad for?"

"Because—because there's a curse on it," said Cherry.

"I'd take id away, gurse an' all, if you bay the garriage."

"No, you won't. I'm going to burn it."

"Shtop! shtop!" cried the visitor again, as Cherry selected his spot and raised his chopper. "Shtop! I gif you one pound, and bay the garriage myself."

"I wouldn't let you have it for ten pounds," said Cherry, excitedly. "I tell you I'm going to smash it and burn it."

"I gif you eleven," moaned the other, wringing his hands as the chopper rose again.

"Twelf!" he cried; "I gif you twelf and bay the garriage, and dtake it ridght away, gurse an' all."

"Make it guineas!" said Cherry.

"Moshesh and Aaron! All ridght—guineas!"

"Let's see your money," said Cherry.

The visitor counted out twelve sovereigns and twelve shillings on to the top of the cabinet, and Cherry threw down the chopper.

"Take it away!" he said, with an "Off-with-his-head" tone and manner.

He laid out the twelve sovereigns and the twelve shillings in a row in front of his

wife, and she said, "Thank goodness, it's gone!"

Three days later a paragraph appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* to the following effect:—

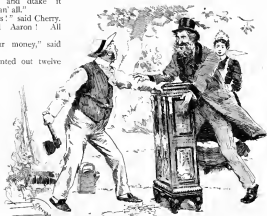
"Last week we informed our readers that buhl cabinets were likely soon to be in vogue again. Mr. Bernstein, the well-known dealer of Wardour Street, has just effected the purchase of an unusually fine specimen for Baron Louis de Beaumont. The price paid, we understand, was fifty guineas. Possibly our friend Mr. Cherrystones, to whom we referred in our previous article, was not so eccentric in his views on buhl cabinets as some people were inclined to think him. The cabinet in question, we believe, passed through Mr. Cherrystones' hands, and was regarded by that expert judge as one of the gems of his collection."

"Well, I'm blowed!" said Cherry.

A few days later he received the following from his late neighbour, Clemow:—

"MY DEAR CHERRY,—I offered to take that cabinet off your hands if you got stuck with it, and I have been waiting to hear from you on the subject. I understand you have now disposed of it at a good profit, and so will be glad if you will remit my half share of same to above address.—Yours truly, A. G. D. CLEWOW."

"Well, I aw blowed!" said Cherry.



"MAKE IT GUINEAS!" SAID CHERRY.

## *In Nature's Workshop.*

### V.—SOME STRANGE NURSERIES.

By GRANT ALLEN.



YOU could hardly find a better rough test of relative development in the animal (or vegetable) world than the number of young produced and the care bestowed upon them.

The fewer the offspring, the higher the type. Very low animals turn out thousands of eggs with reckless profusion; but they let them look after themselves, or be devoured by enemies, as chance will have it. The higher you go in the scale of being, the smaller the families, but the greater the amount of pains expended upon the rearing and upbringing of the young. Large broods mean low organization; small broods imply higher types and more care in the nurture and education of the offspring. Primitive kinds produce eggs wholesale, on the off chance that some two or three among them may perhaps survive an infant mortality of 99 per cent., so as to replace their parents: advanced kinds produce half-a-dozen young, or less, but bring a large proportion of these on an average up to years of discretion.

Without taking into account insects and such other small deer, this fundamental principle of population will become at once apparent if we examine merely familiar instances of back-boned or vertebrate animals. The lowest vertebrates are clearly the fishes: and fish have almost invariably gigantic families, especially in the lower orders of the race. A single cod, for example, is said to produce, roughly speaking, nine million eggs at a birth (I cannot pretend I have checked this calculation); but supposing they were only a million, and that one-tenth of those eggs alone ever came to maturity, there would still be a hundred thousand codfish in the sea this year for every pair that swam in it last year: and these would increase to a hundred thousand times that number next year: and so on, till in four or five years' time the whole sea would be but one solid mass of closely-packed cod-banks. We can see for ourselves that nothing of the sort actually

occurs—practically speaking, there are about the same number of cod one year as another. In spite of this enormous birth-rate, therefore, the cod population is not increasing—it is at a standstill. What does that imply? Why, that taking one brood and one year with another, only a pair of cod, roughly speaking, survive to maturity out of each eight or nine million eggs. The mother cod lays its millions, in order that two may arrive at the period of spawning. All the rest get devoured as eggs, or snapped up as young fry, or else die of starvation, or are otherwise unaccounted for. It seems to us a wasteful way of replenishing the earth: but it is nature's way; we can only bow respectfully to her final decision.

Frogs and other amphibians stand higher in the scale of life than fish: they have acquired legs in place of fins, and lungs instead of gills; they can hop about on shore with perfect freedom. Now, frogs still produce a great deal of spawn, as everyone knows: but the eggs in each brood are numbered in their case by hundreds, or at most by a thousand or two, not by millions as with many fishes. The spawn hatches out as a rule in ponds, and we have all seen the little black tadpoles crowding the edges of the water in such innumerable masses that one would suppose the frogs to be developed from them must cover the length and breadth of England. Yet what becomes of them all? Hundreds are destroyed in the early tadpole stage—eaten up or starved, or crowded out for want of air and space and water: a few alone survive to develop four legs and absorb their tails and hop on shore as tiny froglets. Even then the massacre of the innocents continues: only a tithe of those which succeed in quitting their native pond ever return to it full grown to spawn in due time and become the parents of further generations.

Lizards and other reptiles make an obvious advance on the frog type: they lay relatively few eggs, but they begin to care for their young: the family is not here abandoned at

birth, as among frogs, but is frequently tended and fed and overlooked by the mother. In birds we have a still higher development of the same marked parental tendency; only three or four eggs are laid each year, as a rule, and on these eggs the mother sits, while both parents feed the callow nestlings till such time as they are able to take care of themselves and pick up their own living. Among mammals, which stand undoubtedly at the head of created nature, the lower types, like mice and rabbits, have frequent broods of many young at a time; but the more advanced groups, such as the horses, cows, deer, and elephants, have usually one foal or calf at a birth, and seldom produce more than a couple. Moreover, in all these higher cases alike, the young are fed with milk by the mother, and so spared the trouble of providing for themselves in their early days, like the young codfish or the baby tadpole. Starvation at the outset is reduced to a minimum.

It is interesting to note, too, that anticipations of higher types, so to speak, often occur among lower races. An animal here and there among the simpler forms hits upon some device essentially similar to that of some higher group with which it is really quite unrelated. For example, those who have read my account of the common earwig in a former number of this Magazine (now republished in "Flashlights on Nature") will recollect how that lowly insect sits on her eggs exactly like a hen, and brings up her brood of callow grubs as if they were chickens. In much the same way, anticipations of the mammalian type occur pretty frequently among lower animals. Our commonest English lizard, for example, which frequents moors and sandhills, does not lay or deposit its eggs at all, but hatches them out in its own body, and so apparently brings them forth alive: while among snakes, the same habit occurs in the adder or viper. The very name *viper*, indeed, is a corruption of *vivipara*, the snake which produces living young. Still more closely do some birds resemble mammals in the habit of secreting a sort of milk for the sustenance of their nestlings. Most people think the phrase "pigeon's milk" is much like the phrase "the horse-marines"—a burlesque name for an absurd and impossible monstrosity. But it is nothing of the sort: it answers to a real fact in the economy of certain doves, which eat grain or seeds, grind and digest it in their own gizzards into a fine soft pulp or porridge, and then feed their young with it from their crops and beaks.

This is thus a sort of bird-like imitation of milk. Only, the cow or the goat takes grass or leaves, chews, swallows, and digests them, and manufactures from them in her own body that much more nutritive substance, milk, with which all mammals feed their infant offspring.

Now, after this rather long preamble, I am going to show you in this present article a few other examples of special care taken of the young in certain quarters where it might be least expected. Fish are not creatures from which we look for marked domestic virtues: yet we may find them there abundantly. Let us begin with that familiar friend of our childhood, the common English stickleback.

Which of us cannot look back in youth to the mysteries of the stickleback fisheries? Captains courageous, we sallied forth with bent pin and piece of thread, to woo the wily quarry with half an inch of chopped earthworm. For stickleback abound in every running stream and pond in England. They are beautiful little creatures, too, when you come to examine them, great favourites in the freshwater aquarium; the male in particular is exquisitely coloured, his hues growing brighter and his sheen more conspicuous at the pairing season. There are many species of sticklebacks—in England we have three very different kinds—but all are alike in the one point which gives them their common name, that is to say, in their aggressive and protective prickliness. They are armed against all comers. The dorsal fin is partly replaced in the whole family by strong spines or "stickles," which differ in number in the different species. One of our English sorts is a lover of salt water: he lives in the sea, especially off the Cornish coast, and has fifteen stickles or spines: on which account he is commonly known as the Fifteen-spined Stickleback: our other two sorts belong to fresher waters, and are known as the Ten-spined and the Three-spined respectively.

The special peculiarity of the male stickleback consists in the fact that he is, above all things, a model father. In his acute sense of parental responsibility he has few equals. When spring comes round, he first exhibits his consciousness of his coming charge by suddenly enduing himself in a glowing coat of many colours and of iridescent brilliancy. That is in order to charm the eyes of his prospective mate, or rather mates, for I may as well confess the sad truth at once that our amiable friend is a good parent but an



1.—STICKLEBACK'S NEST; THE MOTHER ABOUT TO ENTER.

abandoned polygamist. We all know that "In the spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast; In the spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another crest; In the spring a livelier iris changes on the burnish'd dove; In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." Not to be out of the fashion, therefore, the romantic stickleback does precisely the same thing as all these distinguished and poetical compeers. And he does it for the same reason too: because he wants to get himself an appropriate partner. "There is a great deal of human nature in man," it has been said: I am always inclined to add, "And there is a great deal of human nature in plants and animals." The more we know of our dumb relations, the more closely do we realize the kinship between us. Fish in spring are like young men at a fair—all eager for the attention of their prospective partners.

The first care of the male stickleback, when he has acquired his courting suit, is to build a suitable home for his future wives and children. So he picks up stems of grass and water-weeds with his mouth, and weaves them deftly into a compact nest as perfect as a bird's, though somewhat different in shape and pattern. It rather resembles a barrel, open at both ends, as though the bottom were knocked out: this form is rendered necessary because the eggs, when laid, have

to be constantly aerated by passing a current of water through the nest, as I shall describe hereafter. No. 1 shows us such a nest when completed, with the female stickleback loitering about undecided as to whether or not she shall plunge and enter it. You will observe that the fabric is woven round a fixed support of some waving water-weeds; but the cunning little architect does not trust in this matter to his textile skill alone; he cements the straws and other materials together with a gummy mortar of mucous threads, secreted for the purpose by his internal organs.

As soon as the building operations are fully completed, the eager little householder sallies forth into his pond or brook in search of a mate who will come and stock his neatly-built home for him. At this stage of the proceedings, his wedding garment becomes even more brilliant and glancing than ever; he gleams in silver and changeable gems: when he finds his lady-love, he dances round her, "mad with excitement," as Darwin well phrased it, looking his handsomest and best with his lustrous colours glistening like an opal. If she will listen to his suit, he grows wild with delight, and coaxes her into the nest with most affectionate endearments. In No. 2, as you perceive, the mate of his choice has been induced to enter, and is laying her eggs in



2.—THE MOTHER LAYING THE EGGS.

the dainty home his care has provided for her. The father fish, meanwhile, dances and capers around, in a *pas de triomphe* at the success of his endeavours.

One wife, however, does not suffice to fill the nest with eggs: and the stickleback is a firm believer in the advantages of large families. So, as soon as his first mate has laid all her spawn, he sets out once more in search of another. Thus he goes on until the home is quite full of eggs, bringing back one wife after another, in proportion to his success in wooing and fighting. For, like almost all polygamists, your stickleback is a terrible fighter. The males join wagers of battle with one another for possession of their mates; in their fierce duels they make fearful use of the formidable spines on their backs, sometimes entirely ripping up and cutting to pieces their ill-fated adversary. The spines thus answer to the spurs of the game-cock or the antlers of the deer; they are masculine weapons in the struggle for mates. Indeed, you may take it for granted that brilliant colours and decorative adjuncts in animals almost invariably go with irascible tempers, pugnacious habits, and the practice of fighting for possession of the harem. The consequence is, with the sticklebacks, that many males get killed during the struggle for supremacy, so that the survivors wed half-a-dozen wives each, like little Turks that they are in their watery seraglios. Only the most beautiful and courageous fish succeed in gaining a harem of their own: and thus the wager of battle tells in the end for the advantage of the race, by eliminating the maimed, the ugly, and the cowardly, and encouraging the strong, the handsome, the enterprising, and the valiant. This is nature's way of preventing degeneracy.

In No. 3 the nest is seen full of eggs, and the excellent father now comes out in his best light as their guardian and protector. He watches over them with ceaseless care, freeing them from parasites, and warding off the attacks of would-be enemies who desire to devour them, even though the intruder be several times his own size. The spines on his back here stand him once more in good stead: for small as he is, the stickleback is not an antagonist to be lightly despised: he can inflict a wound which a perch or a trout knows how to estimate at its full value. But that is not all the good parent's duty. He takes the eggs out of the nest every now and then with his snout, airs them a little in the fresh water outside, and then replaces and rearranges them, so that all may get a fair share of oxygen and may hatch out about simultaneously. It is this question of oxygen, indeed, which

gives the father fish the greatest trouble.

That necessary of life is dissolved in water in very small quantities: and it is absolutely needed by every egg in order to enable it to undergo those vital changes which we know as hatching. To keep up a due supply of oxygen, therefore, the father stickleback ungrudgingly devotes laborious days to poisoning himself delicately just above the nest, as you see in No. 3, and fanning the eggs with his fins and tail, so as to set up a constant current of water through the centre of the barrel. He sits upon the eggs just as truly as a hen does: only, he sits upon them,



3.—THE FATHER STICKLEBACK AIRING THE EGGS.

not for warmth, but for aëration.

For weeks together this exemplary parent continues his monotonous task, ventilating the spawn many times every day, till the time comes for hatching. It takes about a month for the eggs to develop; and then the proud father's position grows more

arduous than ever. He has to rock a thousand cradles at once, so to speak, and to pacify a thousand crying babies. On the one hand, enemies hover about, trying to eat the tender transparent glass-like little fry, and these he must drive off: on the other hand, the good nurse must take care that the active young fish do not stray far from the nest, and so expose themselves prematurely to the manifold dangers of the outer world. Till they are big enough and strong enough to take care of themselves, he watches with incessant vigilance over their safety; as soon as they can go forth with tolerable security upon the world of their brook or pond, he takes at last a well-merited holiday.

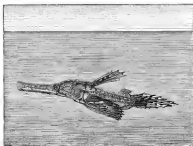
It is not surprising under these circumstances to learn that sticklebacks are successful and increasing animals. Their numbers are enormous, wherever they get a fair chance in life, because they multiply rapidly up to the extreme limit of the means of subsistence, and develop as fast as food remains for them. There the inexorable Malthusian law at last steps in: when there is not food enough for all some must starve: that is the long and the short of the great population question. But while provender is forthcoming they increase gaily. Sticklebacks live mainly on the spawn of other

fish, though they are so careful of their own, and they are therefore naturally hated by trout-preservers and owners of fisheries in general. Thousands and thousands are caught each year; in some places, indeed, they are so numerous that they are used as manure. It is their numbers, of course, that make them formidable: they are the locusts of the streams, well armed and pugnacious, and provided with most remarkable parental instincts of a protective character, which enable them to fill up all vacancies in their ranks as fast as they occur with astonishing promptitude.

To those whose acquaintance with fish is mainly culinary, it may seem odd to hear that the father stickleback alone takes part in the care of the nursery. But this is really the rule among the whole class of fish: wherever the young are tended, it is almost always the father, not the mother, who undertakes the duty of incubation. Only two instances occur where the female fish assumes maternal functions towards her young: about these I shall have more to say a little later on. We must remember that reptiles, birds, and mammals are in all probability descended from fish as ancestors, and it is therefore clear that the habit of handing over the care of the young to the female alone belongs to the higher grades of vertebrates—in other words, is of later origin. We need not be astonished, therefore, to find that in many cases among birds and other advanced vertebrates a partial reversion to the earlier habit not infrequently takes place. With doves, for example, the cock and hen birds sit equally on the eggs, taking turns about at the nest; and as for the ostriches, the male bird there does most of the incubation, for he accepts the whole of the night duty, and also assists at intervals during the daytime. There are numerous other cases where the father bird shares the tasks of the nursery at least equally with the mother. I

will glance first, however, at one of the rare exceptions among fish where the main duty does not devolve on the devoted father.

In No. 4 we have an illustration of the tube-mouth or *Solenostoma*, one of the two known kinds of fish in which the female shows a due sense of her position as a



4.—THE MOTHER TUBE-MOUTH CARRYING HER EGGS IN A POOL.

mother. The tube-mouth, as you can see at a glance, is a close relation of our old friend the sea-horse, whose disguised and undisguised forms in Australia and the Mediterranean we have already observed when dealing with the question of animal masqueraders. *Solenostoma* is a native

of the Indian Ocean, from Zanzibar to China, and in real life is about double the size of Mr. Enock's drawing. In the male, the lower pair of fins are separate, as is usual among fish: but in the female, represented in the accompanying sketch, they are lightly joined at the edge, so as to form a sort of pouch like a kangaroo's, in which the eggs are deposited after being laid, and thus carried about in the mother's safe keeping. No. 5 shows the arrangement of this pouch in detail, with the eggs inside it. The mother *Solenostoma* not only takes charge of the spawn while it is hatching in this receptacle, but also looks after the young fry, like the father stickleback, till they are of an age to go off on their own account in quest of adventures. The most frequent adventure that happens to them on the way is, of course, being eaten.

Our own common English pipe-fish is a good example of the other and much more usual case in which the father alone is actuated by a proper sense of parental responsibility. The pipe-fish, indeed, might almost be described as a pure and blameless matepayer. No. 6 shows you the outer form of this familiar creature, whom you will recognise at a glance as still more nearly allied to the sea-horses than even the tube-mouth. Pipe-fishes are timid and skulking creatures. Like their horse-headed relations, they lurk for the most part among seaweed for protection, and, being but poor swimmers, never venture far from the covering shelter of their native thicket. But the curious part of them is that in this family the father fish is provided with a pouch even more perfect than that of the female tube-mouth, and

that he himself, not his mate, takes sole charge of the young, incubates them in his sack, and escorts them about for some time after hatching. The pouch, which is more fully represented in No. 7, is formed by a

loose fold of skin arising from either side of the creature. In the illustration this fold is partly withdrawn, so as to show the young pipe-fish within their safe retreat after hatching out. It is said, I know not how truly, that the young fry will stroll out for an occasional swim on their own account, but will return at any threat of danger to their father's bosom, for a considerable time after the first hatching. This is just like what one knows of kangaroos and many other pouched mammals, where the mother's pouch becomes a sort of nursery, or place of refuge, to which the little ones return for warmth or safety after every excursion.

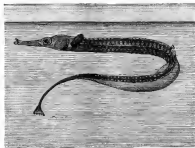
The sea-horses and many other fish have similar pouches; but, oddly enough, in every case it is the male fish which bears it, and which undertakes the arduous duty of nurse for his infant offspring.

A few female fish, on the other hand, even

hatch the eggs within their own bodies, and so apparently bring forth their young alive, like the English lizard among reptiles. This, however, is far from a common case: indeed, in an immense number of instances, neither parent pays the slightest attention to the eggs after



5.—THE POUCH, WITH THE EGGS INSIDE IT.



6.—THE FATHER PIPE-FISH, CARRYING HIS YOUNG IN A POUCH.

they are once laid and got rid of: the spawn is left to lie on the bottom and be eaten or spared as chance directs, while the young fry have to take care of themselves, without the aid of parental advice and educa-



tion. But exceptions occur where both parents show signs of realizing the responsibilities of their position. In some little South American river fish, for instance, the father and mother together build a nest of dead leaves for the spawn, and watch over it in unison till the young are hatched. This case is exactly analogous to that of the doves

lurks in seclusion till the eggs develop. Frogs do not need frequent doses of food—their meals are often few and far between—and during the six or eight weeks that the eggs take to mature the father probably eats very little, though he may possibly sally forth at night, unobserved, in search of provender. At the end of that time the devoted parent, foreseeing developments, takes to the water once more, so that the tadpoles may be hatched in their proper element. I may add that this frog is a great musician in the breeding season, but that as soon as the tadpoles have hatched out he loses his voice entirely, and does not recover his manly croak till the succeeding spring. This is also the case with the song of many



7.—THE POUCH HALF OPENED TO SHOW THE YOUNG.

among birds: I may add that wherever such instances occur they always seem to be accompanied by a markedly gentle and affectionate nature. Brilliantly-coloured fighting polygamous fishes are fierce and cruel: monogamous and faithful animals are seldom bright-hued, but they mate for life and are usually remarkable for their domestic felicity. The doves and love-birds are familiar instances.

Frogs are very closely allied to fish: indeed, one may almost say that every frog begins life as a fish, limbless, gill-bearing, and aquatic, and ends it as something very like a reptile, four-legged, lung-bearing, and more or less terrestrial. For the tadpole is practically in all essentials a fish. It is not odd, therefore, to find that certain frogs reproduce, in a very marked manner, the fatherly traits of their fish-like ancestors. There is a common kind of frog in France, Belgium, and Switzerland, which does not extend to England, but which closely recalls the habits of the stickleback and the pipe-fish. Among these eminently moral amphibians, it is the father, not the mother, who takes entire charge of the family—wheels the perambulator, so to speak. The female lays her spawn in the shape of long strings or rolls of eggs, looking at first sight like slimy necklaces. I have seen them as much as a couple of yards long, lying loose on the grass where the frog lays them. As soon as she has deposited them, however, the father frog hops up, twists the garlands dexterously in loose festoons round his legs and thighs, and then retires with his precious burden to some hole in the bank of his native pond, where he

birds, the crest of the nest, the plumes of certain highly-decorated trogons and nightjars, and, roughly speaking, the decorative and attractive features of the male sex in general. Such features are given them during the mating period as allurements for their consorts: they disappear, for the time at least, like a ball-dress after a ball, as soon as no immediate use can any longer be made of them.

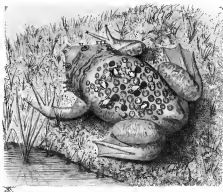
Some American tree-frogs, on the other hand, imitate rather the motherly *Solenostoma* than the fatherly instincts of the pipe-fish or the stickleback. These pretty little creatures have a pouch like the kangaroo, but in their case (as in the kangaroo's) it is the female who bears it. Within this safe receptacle the eggs are placed by the male, who pushes them in with his hind feet; and they not only undergo their hatching in the pouch, but also pass through their whole tadpole development in the same place. Owing to the care which is thus extended to the eggs and young, these advanced tree-frogs are enabled to lay only about a dozen to fifteen eggs at a time, instead of the countless hundreds often produced by many of their relations.

Tree-frogs have, of course, in most circumstances much greater difficulty in getting at water than pond-frogs; and this is especially true in certain tropical or desert districts. Hence most of the frogs which inhabit such regions have had to find out or invent some ingenious plan for passing through the tadpole stage with a minimum of moisture. The devices they have hit upon are very curious. Some of them make use of the little pools

collected at the bases of huge tropical leaf-stalks, like those of the banana plant; others dispense with the aid of water altogether, and glue their new-laid eggs on their own backs, where the fry pass through the tadpole stage in the slimy mucus which surrounds them. Nature always discovers such cunning schemes to get over apparent difficulties in her way: and the tree-frogs have solved the problem for themselves in half-a-dozen manners in different localities. Oddest of all, perhaps, is the dodge invented by "Darwin's frog," a Chilean species, in which the male swallows the eggs as soon as laid, and gulps them into the throat-pouch beneath his capacious neck:

into a bed of the soft skin, which soon closes over it automatically, thus burying each in a little cell or niche, where it undergoes its further development. The tadpoles pass through their larval stage within the cell, and then hop out, as the illustration shows, in the four-legged condition. As soon as they have gone off to shift for themselves, the mother toad finds herself with a ragged and honeycombed skin, which must be very uncomfortable. So she rubs the remnant of it off against stones or the bark of trees, and redevelops a similar back afresh at the next breeding season.

Almost never do we find a device in



L.—SURINAM TOAD, CARRYING HER FAMILY.

there they hatch out and pass through their tadpole stage: and when at last they arrive at frogly maturity, they escape into the world through the mouth of their father.

The Surinam toad, represented in No. 8, is also the possessor of one of the strangest nurseries known to science. It lives in the dense tropical forests of Guiana and Brazil, and is a true water-baunter. But at the breeding season the female undergoes a curious change of integument. The skin on her back grows pulpy, soft, and jelly-like. She lays her eggs in the water: but as soon as she has laid them, her lord and master plasters them on to her impressionable back with his feet, so as to secure them from all assaults of enemies. Every egg is pressed separately

nature which occurs once only. The unique hardly exists: nature is a great copyist. At least two animals of wholly unlike kinds are all but sure to hit independently upon the self-same mechanism. So it is not surprising to learn that a cat-fish has invented an exactly similar mode of carrying its young to that adopted by the Surinam toad: only, here it is on the under surface, not the upper one, that the spawn is plastered. The eggs of this cat-fish, whose scientific name is *Aspredo*, are pressed into the skin below the body, and so borne about by the mother till they hatch. This is the second instance, of which I spoke above, where the female fish herself assumes the care of her offspring, instead of leaving it entirely to her excellent partner.

Higher up in the scale of life, we get many instances which show various stages in the same progressive development towards greater care for the safety and education of the young. Among the larger lizards, for example, a distinct advance may be traced between the comparatively uncivilized American alligator and his near ally, the much more cultivated African crocodile. On the banks of the Mississippi, the alligator lays a hundred eggs or thereabouts, which she deposits in a nest near the water's edge, and then covers them up with leaves and other decaying vegetable matter. The fermentation of these leaves produces heat, and so does for the alligator's eggs what sitting does for those of hens and other birds: the mother deposes her maternal functions, so to speak, to a festering heap of decomposing plant-refuse. Nevertheless, she loiters about all the time, like Miriam round the ark which contained Moses, to see what happens; and when the eggs hatch out, she leads her little ones down to the river, and there makes alligators of them. This is a simple and relatively low stage in the nursery arrangements of the big lizards.

The African crocodile, on the other hand, goes a stage higher. It lays only about thirty eggs, but these it buries in warm sand, and then lies on top of them at night, both to protect them from attack and to keep them warm during the cooler hours. In short, it sits upon them. When the young crocodiles within the egg are ready to hatch, they utter an acute cry. The mother then digs down to the eggs, and lays them freely on the surface, so that the little reptiles may have space to work their way out unimpeded. This they do by biting at the shell with a specially developed tooth; at the end of two hours' nibbling they are free, and are led down to the water by their affectionate parent. In these two cases we see the beginnings of the instinct of hatching, which in birds, the next in order in the scale of being, has become almost universal.

I say *almost* universal, because even among birds there are a few kinds which have not to this day progressed beyond the alligator level. Australia is the happy hunting-ground of the zoologist in search of antiquated forms, elsewhere extinct; and several Australian birds, such as the brush-turkeys, still treat their eggs essentially on the alligator method. The cock birds heap up huge mounds of earth and decaying vegetable matter, as much as would represent several cartloads of mould; and in this natural hot-bed the hens lay their eggs, burying each separately with a good stock of leaves around it. The heat of the sun and the fermenting mould hatch them out between them; to expedite the process, the birds uncover the eggs during the warmer part of the day, expose them to the sun, and bury them again in the hot-bed towards evening. Several intermediate steps may also be found between this early stage of communal nesting by proxy and the true hatching instinct; a good one is supplied by the ostrich, which partially buries its eggs in hot sand, but sits on them at intervals, both father and mother birds taking shares by turn in the duties of incubation.

The vast subject which I have thus lightly skimmed is not without interest, again, from its human implications. Savages as a rule produce enormous families; but then, the infant mortality in savage tribes is proportionately great. Among civilized races, families are smaller, and deaths in infancy are far less numerous. The higher the class or the natural grade of a stock, the larger as a rule the proportion of children safely reared to the adult age. The goal towards which humanity is slowly moving would thus seem to be one where families in most cases will be relatively small—perhaps not more on an average than three to a household—but where most or all of the children brought into the world will be safely reared to full maturity. This is already becoming the rule in certain favoured ranks of European society.



# The No-Good-Britisher.

BY K. AND HESKETH PRICHARD ("E. AND H. HERON").

## I.

**B**RAUNKSEY, the prize-fighter, had just "quit work," and was engaged in crossing a few last punches on the bag. His whole soul, of swift muscle and bone went and came with every blow. His dark head jugged up and down between his high shoulders as he hit the bag with a sort of latent fury that was not nice to witness.

He paused to listen to the man beside him. That individual was evidently urging some point. He was a smallish, greasy-looking man with soaped hair, and had in his time fought for the edification of low-class audiences. From that profession, in which he had hardly been a success, he passed to the keeping of a saloon. As he had migrated from Houndsditch as a boy, he still retained some of the quaint peculiarities of his mother tongue.

"What I want you to do," he was saying, "is to stand there at my bar and show yourself off. You'll draw the swell custom to my place, and I am willing to pay you a pretty stiff fee for the exclusive right of your patronage. I'm on the dead square. I want it to be known in Buffalo City that

Beetle—beg pardon, I mean Mr. Simeon Braunksey, the famous prize-fighter, is on view in my saloon every single evening, and that he is not to be seen under the same circumstances at any other place in Buffalo. It would be a good thing for both of us, and it'll be an easy way of earning money for you. Is it a go?"

"Whether it is or whether it's not depends entirely upon the terms you offer me. There are 274 other saloons in this city besides yours, and not one of them but would jump at the chance of hiring me."

The Cockney-American bar-keeper grunted. He was well aware of the truth of the facts stated by the prize-fighter, and he had come over to the latter's training-quarters with the intention of getting a signed agreement out of the man of blows. In the old days, when he had been a saloon-keeper in a frontier town, Blowney had cut out the opposition by putting cochineal in his whisky, and ascribing its consequent ruddiness of hue to the extreme excellence and antiquity of the spirit. He was a pushing man, and he knew to the full the benefit the advertisement of the prize-fighter's presence would confer upon his establishment. But he was not pleased to find Braunksey equally aware of the facts.

"Put it at ten dollars a night. Hours ten to twelve, and all you can drink thrown in," he said, at length.

"I'm in training, and so I don't drink, as I guess you're aware. Twenty dollars a night every night, Sundays in. Say that, and I'll call it a deal."

"It's out of the question. Your price is up just now, I am not denying it; but even you would be dear at the figure you name. It would mean my doing business at a loss!"

The prize-fighter scowled.

"I'm the most interesting man in America to-day," he said. "If you were to hire the President to come along and show himself, or the Emperor of Germany to gas around in your bar, neither of the two would be as lucrative an investment as I. No, sir; twenty dollars each night is the price I mentioned."

And, indeed, what Bootle Braunksey said was not so very far wide of the truth. In a fortnight he was due to fight the holder for the heavy-weight championship of the world. Consequently, there were not a few men in America who opened their newspapers for the sole reason that they wanted to see how and what the two opponents were doing. Braunksey was followed about by a little tribe of newspaper men, who recorded all his actions. He was introduced on an average to a hundred new acquaintances every day. And all these things made him realize to the full his own importance.

A heavy-weight championship glove-fight is at all times interesting. But if the two pugilists who are going to fight add rancour to the business, the fight becomes infinitely more interesting to the outside public. That is human nature.

Nor was there any lack of rancour in the present instance. Indeed, it was commonly reported that the adversaries had to be kept apart by the diplomacy of their respective backers. Otherwise the fight might come off in the streets at any hour should they chance to meet. Thus the situation did not lack piquancy.

"Look here," said Blowney, at last, "I'll pay you twenty dollars a night on one condition—and more besides."

"Let's have your condition."

"It's been done before," said the bar-keeper, half-apologetically; "and there is no reason I can see why it should not be done again. I'm a plain business man, and what I want to get out of you is a flaming big advertisement."

Blowney paused.

"Get on to facts, then," said the big prize-fighter, disdainfully. "I know what *you* want."

"It's this. I'd pay twenty dollars a night for fourteen nights, and a hundred over, if you would give us a bit of an exhibition the first night."

"What do you mean? Let's hear your meaning."

"I mean that there's a big, ugly, no-good Britisher, who is in my place 'most every evening. If you were to put up your hands to him and catch him a swing or two on the jaw—kill the beast if you like, I don't care. Do you understand me now?"

"You want me to knock this green hand about to make sport?"

"That's it."

"I'm a devil when I get my hands up," said Braunksey. "But anyway, he wouldn't show any fight. It's not easy to find a man willing to quarrel with me," he ended, proudly.

"You smack him in the face and see. You're not new to the game. How about that chap you killed in Hicks's bar down at New Orleans?"

The prize-fighter's eyes lit up.

"Remember who you're speaking to," he shouted. "The chap I killed in Hicks's bar deserved all he got, the swine! He gave me too much lip, so I just knocked him into his own funeral."

"Don't make trouble with me," said the bar-keeper; "I'm here offering you money. Will you smash him up to-night?"

Braunksey considered. The foulness of the scheme did not reach him.

"I'll drop round to-night and take a look at him. What's in this piece of paper?" he said, as Blowney handed him a document.

"Our agreement. I'll read it to you: 'I, Simeon Braunksey, hereby agree with Charles Blowney, saloon-keeper, to be on view between the hours of nine and twelve every evening till my fight with the present holder of the world's heavy-weight championship is decided, I receiving twenty dollars a night for such attendance.' That's all. Will you sign?"

"You don't make any mention of what we spoke of last?" said Braunksey, suspiciously.

"I guess it's better not to have any paper about over a matter of that sort. There are some fools who would not think it quite on the straight. No, it's just a difficulty that is going to crop up between you two, and that'll need settling right there."

Braunksey nodded.

"But about this chap I'm going to smash. What's his size?"

"You're twenty pounds heavier," said Blowney. "But he's a holy caution. They say he used to be a gentleman over in England, and I don't think he wears his right name. He keeps all his airs, though. It'll do him good to have to swallow the lesson in manners you are going to give him. He's like a cork in a bottle of wine. There's far too much of him dangling around."

"Well, he's going to get hurt," said Braunksey, as the other took his leave. "I'll be round to-night."

## II.

Zack raised his big black chin and balanced it in the palm of his hand. Zack was not his real name, but at any rate it was the variation of it he chose to be known by. I fancy he must have been thinking, which was a form of torture he rarely indulged in at that particular period of his life.

He walked slowly down Main Street, thinking. In his pocket there reposed the sum of 75 cents. He had earned them that morning by heaving pig-iron for seven and a half consecutive hours, and now he was going to make the most of them.

The electric light shone refulgently upon his face and garments. In all that hastening street he seemed to be the only purposeless man. The course of his life was like that of a ship which has lost her reckoning, and yet beats ahead through a fog. The events of the next hour might include a wreck.

In front of him, two men arm-in-arm were attracting the attention of the passers-by. Both were of fine make, and carried themselves with a certain swing which, if he had been noticing, would have discovered to him their profession. The two, indeed, were Braunksey and his sparring partner, Yatterham. Also their destination appeared to be his own, and the three turned aside into a

hot sanded saloon, whose walls were covered with the pictures of gentlemen belonging to the American prize-ring.

Blowney's saloon was fuller than usual. In the evening papers the great glove-fight vociferated itself in headlines. Braunksey was already on view. He stood at the bar-side, and received with the complacency of a west-end Duchess.

"Say, Mr. —, shake hands with Mr. Sim Braunksey, who knocked Keigh out in two rounds at New Orleans last year."

That was the form of introduction, and the proud and the brave numbered Simeon Braunksey among their acquaintance, fingered his forearm, discussed the Fitzsimmons swing, agreed that Corbett was the cleverer sparrer, and felt they were in the very first flight of American prize-fighting society. And certainly the society at Blowney's was representative.

Blowney himself. Dan Tone, who was paperchasing through the weeks with a colossal fortune. Here the fine neck and thickened shoulders of some clean-run and healthy young athlete; beside him perhaps the figure of a vicious weakling who bestowed his presence because it was the thing to do. A score of others also, who talked, betted, boasted, criticised: who, in fact, did everything but—fight.

Into this saloon, and caring for none of these things at that particular moment, walked Zack. He might have been playing the hard-up squire's son in far-off Hampshire instead of battling with the swinging world. But Zack had offended at home, had left Oxford at mid-term; had, in fact, committed so many sins that £50 and a second-class passage to

New York had been his portion. He had lived like a gentleman till the last bill he possessed broke into silver dollars, and then Zack had worked at many jobs, from carrying a traveller's bag to his hotel to heaving pig-iron in the interests of a Limited Liability Company.

He walked into Blowney's saloon with the



"ZACK."

unintrospective swing of a gentleman. That swing is well known in America. When coupled with shabby clothes it is the hall-mark of a man who has gone under.

Blowney leaned across the bar.

"That's him," he whispered to Braunksey.

Braunksey looked round intemperately. Zack had retired with his drink to one of the small round tables, and was engaged in filling up a wooden pipe. There was a certain suggestion of disdain of his surroundings in the Britisher's careless attitude.

"He'll show a game," whispered Blowney. "Maybe he knows who you are. Try him, Braunksey. That can't harm, anyway."

The prize-fighter was not a diplomatist. He was being paid to knock the Britisher about, and he went the shortest way to begin it. Elbowing a path through the crowd, he stood in front of Zack and regarded him with a lowering look. Zack returned it. One of two things was very evident from his eyes. Either he was not acquainted with Braunksey's record, or else he was a man of high-tempered courage. His look maddened the pugilist.

"I don't like your face. Take it away,"



"ARE YOU GOING TO TAKE THAT FACE AWAY?"

Braunksey said, truculently. "Take the beastly thing away."

Zack gave a little gesture that brought the blood into Braunksey's face.

"Are you going to take that face away, you there, or are you going to stay and get it knocked in?" the pugilist continued.

At no time exactly a peaceful man, at that ebb of his fortunes Zack was not unready to come to blows.

"One of us has got to get out," he said. "Is it going to be you? You're working for a row. D'you want to challenge me to fight?"

"I'm going to smash your face for you," reiterated the prize-fighter, violently. With the words he bent forward and flung the table at which Zack was sitting backwards. In a second the Britisher was on his feet again.

"Will any gentleman do me the favour of acting as my second?" he asked.

"You won't need any," sneered Braunksey. "Do you think this is a championship glove-fight?"

A laugh went up from the crowd. It was very obvious that the stranger did not know the name of his opponent. Yet one of the clean-built athletes stepped forward. The audience even in that bar was by far too keen upon fair play to be solid in wanting the fight to proceed. There were a dozen men against it. The big man who had offered to be his second whispered something in Zack's ear.

"Who is he?" asked Zack.

"It's Sim Braunksey. He's killed a man this way before now. Take my advice. I and my friends, all of us, do a little in the way of boxing. We could get you out safe. Will you run?"

"Thanks, no."

"D'you then know—much about fighting?"

"I have boxed a bit."

"The man you have before you will be heavy-weight champion of the world inside a fortnight. You haven't a chance. Take advice. Besides, he's altogether outside your weight. What's yours?"

"About 180lb."

"He's 198 trained fine. Besides, he's in the very pink of condition. He made the

row with you on purpose. It's just a put-up thing. Really, in your place I personally wouldn't let it go any further."

"Will you do me a favour?" asked Zack, suddenly.

The American nodded quickly. "Of course, if I can," said he.

"Then," said the Englishman, "I should be infinitely obliged to you if you will go and arrange the details with Braunksey's seconds. I suppose he has no objection to fighting me in rounds. I'm quite determined to go through with it, and see how I come out at the far end. May I count on you?"

"With pleasure," answered the American.

While Zack was holding his whispered conversation with his second the hush of intense interest had fallen upon the company. There was something they liked in the way the Britisher bore himself. There must be a kinship between the brave; anyhow, in either England or America, a man who looks his opponent in the face is sure of a backing.

And the motley crowd in Blowney's were pleased with Zack. He was about to stand up against the most savage fighter in the ring, and from his outward appearance no one could have said that his heart was beating abnormally. Besides, he made a fine figure standing there, with his square jaw and arched chest. And there was a look in his countenance that gained for him the respect of the better part of the spectators.

In the stillness, broken only by the occasional shuffle of feet, every word that passed between Yatterham and Zack's second, Morgan, was perfectly audible. Then there arose a hum as it became plain that the Britisher was determined to make a battle. Then followed an uneasy sway of the crowd, and a voice at the back struck up:—

"Don't let the brave fellow fight. It's a put-up job."

Braunksey made a rush towards the speaker, and in another moment the saloon would have been in chaos had not Zack's voice broken in.

"I'm very much obliged," he said, looking in the direction of the speaker, "but really the option of fighting or not seems to lie with me. Are you ready, Braunksey?"

Those words clinched the matter. Zack began to peel in an unostentatious corner. The prize-fighter merely buttoned up his coat.

"I'm going to knock the stuffing out of him," he reiterated.

Zack answered nothing, but folded his garments, and the man who had spoken came forward and took charge of them. "I'm proud," said he.

Meantime the tables were moved back, and an extempore ring was formed. The electric light shone down in dazzling whiteness upon the scene; the bobbing hats and the tiers of faces, and in the middle the figures of the two opponents.

Braunksey was the larger man. He was far thicker than Zack. Indeed, he was one of those whose sojourn in the ring is of no

long duration. Their muscle fleshes over easily, and they find themselves grown unwieldy at thirty years of age. But as he stood Braunksey was physically excellent, and it was well known that a blow of his which went home often meant the winning of a fight. He was clever with his hands, too, but not superlatively clever. Indeed, he placed his chief reliance on a left-right that could crush a man like an egg-shell.

Zack, on the other hand, was equally tall, slimmer, yet deep of chest, with long, sinewy, and well-covered arms, and the light way he



"THE TWO OPPONENTS."



moved on his feet showed that, at one time or another, the no-good Britisher had tasted the pleasures of the fray.

Imagine to yourself the possibilities that stared him in the face. The eyes he was looking into showed dark with determination. Braunksey was "raised." In fact, the savage in Braunksey did not call for much raising. It dwelt conveniently near the surface. If the two were fighting their quarrel out with swords the issue would hardly have been less likely to end in maiming. A blow of Braunksey's that crashed home was every whit as dangerous to life as a sword-thrust or a pistol bullet.

There was no preliminary hand-shake, and the first thing that told the spectators of the beginning of the battle was a rush of Braunksey's, which the Britisher stopped with a hand left.

A shout went up, for the half-arm blow had gone and come as quick as a piston-rod. Braunksey fetched a grunt and feinted. His idea was to play with his victim a little, and after an exhibition to smash him. He hardly expected to be attacked. But he was. Whether his ease of movement was hampered by his coat, or whether he was careless, will never be known; yet the fact remains that Zack shot forward like a bolt and planted a clean left-right on the prize-fighter's waistcoat. But he did not get away scatheless—he received a showy swing between the eyes that sent a little streak of crimson trickling down his chin.

"Lay him out, Sim," yelled Yatterham, from his corner. "Don't let the — he able to boast he made two rounds of it with you!"

"He'll make more than that," shouted Morgan, in return.

Braunksey heard, and his tactics changed. It would certainly never do to have it said that this unknown man had stood up against Sim Braunksey for more than a few counters! The prize-fighter's huge shoulders bunched up, and in another moment he was boring down on Zack with all his well-known ferocity.

Zack met him clean and straight, fighting him off with an extended left. Then came an easy feint and a right swing. The Britisher ducked and countered heavily. The prize-fighter gave a squeal of rage, and charged after him like a wounded elephant. The blows he had received had not hurt him, and his left came with a sickening whistle for Zack's jaw, who ducked and took the blow on his forehead, and was beaten to one

knee. He disengaged, however, and "time" was called amid a little thunder of applause.

The prize-fighter drew off sullenly, and a hum of conversation succeeded the shouting of the spectators.

"He's grit," reiterated Morgan, and then "Fight him off. Keep on fighting him off. Deuce only knows what luck you may have."

Zack said nothing. He glanced across at Braunksey, who had now taken off his coat. At the same moment the crowd noticed this new development, and cheered wildly for the plucky amateur.

"Let's stop the fight up right now," said the man who was holding Zack's clothes. "You're grit, mister, but you can't hope."

Zack looked up from his basin.

"Perhaps I can help to get him licked this day fortnight," he said. And the two men were in their places again. This time, for Braunksey, there was no question of playing with his opponent. He took up the offensive and battered at Zack's defence. Blow after blow went half home, and the Englishman, now drenched in blood, met them grimly. The old Berserk was awake in him, and the crowd was not slow to realize the fact. They now saw that Zack would have to be knocked out of the fight; they knew also that he would never retire from it while he could stand. The set of his jaw showed how he had nailed his colours to the mast, and when just on time he landed a weakening blow on Braunksey's face the applause was positively deafening.

Round three began with a staggerer for the Englishman, who was just too late to stop a left jab. It plainly shook him, and with a grunt the puglist rushed in to victory. But Zack dodged the rush, and gathering up his numbing muscles he battered gallantly at the prize-fighter's ribs. It was just that uncertain moment of the fight between first and second winds, and at the end of the round Zack staggered to his corner with a brightening eye and clearing brain.

At the end of the fourth round the spectators were delirious, for Zack had got in the majority of the blows. Yet Braunksey's one blow swamped two of the Britisher's, and close on time, feinting with his left, he swung his right and Zack ricocheted on his shoulder across the sandbed floor.

"That was a peach of a blow," yelled Yatterham. "That's done it!"

But it had not, and the Britisher regained his feet. Meantime Yatterham was growing anxious. It was all very well to knock a green hand about, but it was not wise to risk

the purse of 50,000dols. offered by the Athletic Club by running the chance of being hurt in an inglorious by-battle.

Zack, however, had to be helped to his corner.

"Chuck it now," urged Morgan. "You're a man. And you've done quite enough to give you fame."

"My last round," gasped Zack. "One of the two of us will have to stop after this."

At the call of time the two men, now red from head to foot, took their places, and amid a dead hush that famous final round began.

Braunksey led off, hitting like a kicking dray-horse. And then under the blows, and with a purposeful rush, Zack ran in and clinched. He took his blows as he came, but he never boded. He had been a famous wrestler, and he caught Braunksey in such a way that he could not be thrown off. His lean arms were round the prize-fighter's middle, and slowly—slowly the great man's two hundred pounds was lifted from the ground. Then came the sound of a fall and the rap of a striking head, and the two men lay as they had fallen.

Neither moved. Someone counted a loud—one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten—and still the forms lay upon the sanded floor, the Britisher beside the pugilist. Then there arose a cheer, for it was known that Geoffrey Zack, the no-good Britisher, had

fought a battle to a knock-out with Simeon Braunksey, and had made a draw of it.

The Americans took him to the best hotel in Buffalo, where they washed his gory face tenderly. Then his seconds saw him safely into bed, and afterwards those wily men went out and laid money against Braunksey in his coming fight, and they laid a tidy sum in the name of Zack. Next morning America was ringing with the news, and early in the forenoon the Barnums and Baileys were vying with one another in endeavouring to induce Zack to join their respective establishments. They offered him a hundred dollars a day to exhibit himself, and Zack thanked them and declined politely.

A fortnight later Simeon Braunksey stood up to the world's champion, but he had very little show. Somehow he had been damaged in his by-battle with Zack, and he paid for trying to knock a green-horn about by losing the biggest battle in his career.

Zack left the city secretly. He found sudden popularity embarrassing. His Ameri-

can friends wanted to stand him a dinner and pay him the two thousand dollars they had won in his name, but Zack would have none of it. He said he was a no-good Britisher, but still he had his pride. Anyway, he went. But there is always a career lying open for Zack in the American prize-ring.



"HIS LEAN ARMS WERE ROUND THE PRIZE-FIGHTER'S MIDDLE."

## Animal Actualities.

NOTE.—These articles consist of a series of perfectly authentic anecdotes of animal life, illustrated by Mr. J. A. Shephard, an artist long a favourite with readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE. We shall be glad to receive similar anecdotes, fully authenticated by names of witnesses, for use in future numbers. While the stories themselves will be matters of fact, it must be understood that the artist will treat the subject with freedom and fancy, more with a view to an amusing commentary than to a mere representation of the occurrence.

XII.

# Instinct Gone Wrong



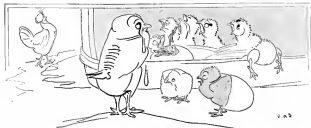
**I**N the fowl-run of the Rev. Robert Evans, at Walton, near Stafford, two years ago, occurred a sad example of misplaced instinct.

It was a populous fowl-run, this of Mr. Evans's, and the large families of the many hens were constantly welcoming fresh broods. It is with one particular chicken in one of these broods that this story is concerned. If you search the biographies of great men you will find in many, perhaps in most cases, they gave no signs of any special distinction in their early years. This chick was like those great men. It

was so much like the other chicks of the same brood of both sexes, that only its mother could have told it from any one of the others. At the age of three weeks, however, began a great development of character and instinct. Just at this period another hen had produced a batch of nine. This hen was of a flighty, fashionable disposition—a *fin-de-siècle* society mother—and as soon as the chicks were well through their shells she set off calling on other hens in her set, and left the unhappy chicks to sprawl about and look after themselves. The three-weeks' old chick viewed this maternal desertion with much concern; it was a young chick still, though old by comparison with the new arrivals, but all its maternal instincts



A SOCIETY MOTHER.



MUCH CONCERN.

were aroused by the sight. You have no doubt seen a very tiny boy or girl staggering about a street under the weight of a baby

distinct indication of its legal engagement as nurse by the society hen, but it took upon itself all the duties, and every evening this



MOTHERLY INSTINCT.

about half a size smaller than its nurse. The maternal chick presented a similar sight, translated into chicken terms. There was no

very small chicken might be observed, with a rudimentary wing on each side, doing its very utmost to cover another chicken only a

little smaller. And not the two chicks alone; for the remaining seven, seeing them so comfortably lodged and protected, rushed to get their share of those ridiculously inadequate wings. Thenceforward that chick became the mother of the nine, who nestled under the shadow of her wings—and no doubt got as much shelter from the shadow as from the wings. Mr. Exams and his sister were most tenderly affected



MICKING UP.



GALLANT AND POPULAR.

by the scene. "Dear, dear," they said, "what wonderful and beautiful instinct! What a mother that chicken will become!" And they pictured a glorious future for that bird (and, incidentally, for themselves), with a long succession of broods of thirteen each, always well and healthily brought up. The bird, indeed, seemed likely to be so valuable that Mr. Evans felt some scruple about keeping it selfishly for himself, and gave it to his small nephew.

But they were deceived. The bird was maternally virtuous enough, but it had no right to such virtues—no right whatever. One morning Mr. Evans's sister burst into her brother's study, with dismay upon her face. "What do you think?" she exclaimed. "The white hen is a cock!"

And true it was. The motherly chicken, growing older and larger, and more sheltered of wing, had now developed a comb and wattle and a tail altogether inconsistent

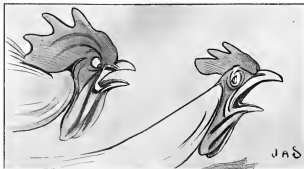
with henhood or motherliness of any sort. It *was* a cock! And as motherly and old-womanish as ever!

Now, Mr. Evans already had a fine young cockerel—a very dashing and gallant bird of military bearing, most exceedingly popular with the hens. Another wasn't wanted at all—for the sake of peace in the yard. What to do? One obvious course was to kill and eat the white hen which was a cock. But then it was no longer Mr. Evans's bird; he had given it to his nephew, who was now away at school; so that it was scarcely possible either to eat it or to give it away. And besides, to eat such a kindly, unnaturally virtuous bird would be at least as bad as eating or giving away Dr. Barnardo.

So the white cock with the hen's disposition was spared, and neither eaten nor given away. He grew up a weak-spirited, effeminate, henry sort of bird, with misplaced motherly instincts which could never attain



DESPISED.



CREATED :

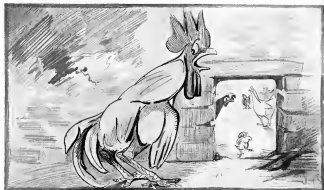
realization. Imagine a big boy musing a doll while his schoolmates were at cricket or football; what sort of life would he lead in the school? Just such a life as this cock lived in the fowl-run. He was a disgrace to cockhood, despised by the hens and chased by the gallant cock. This military despot gave him no peace, and on the slightest sign of attention to the ladies he chastised him mercilessly. "A hen you've made yourself," said the tyrant—said it in his every movement—"and a hen you shall remain!"

He still lives, and must still live. One of the two had to go, and it was the tyrant. He,

ill-fated gallant, proved as fine on the dish as in the yard. But as for his unworthy successor—never was such a failure as lord of the poultry yard. He neither reigns nor struts nor rules the roost as do other cocks. He cannot be called cock of the walk, nor even cock of the run—unless it is because he runs away from the hens. They let him live, and that is about all. They despise him, peck him, bully him, and he can't muster a return peck. Any hen—any chick, even—would despise such a peckless, timid creature. He is afraid of everything. Perhaps he is most afraid of his wives—but, then, that is a



REPRODUCED :



"OH! I'M AFRAID!"

thing not altogether unheard-of in species of higher development. But he is also afraid of his own shadow, of a chance-blown piece of paper, of a pert sparrow—almost (though certainly not quite) of the early worm that rewards his early rising. And although he has not yet been observed to be greatly scared by any handful of grain thrown in his way, it is a fact that he is too timid to go through a small opening in a wall which leads

into a field, and which is the usual means of exit for all the rest of the poultry. Perhaps he is afraid that his martial tramp may disturb the wall's foundations and bring it down on his back. And still, through it all, that preposterous motherly instinct exists! He sits about, intent on persuading Mr. Evans to mistake him for a broody hen, and to provide him with a sitting of eggs. And he will never be really happy till he gets it.



REALLY HAPPY.

# A Peep into "Punch."

By J. HOLT SCHOOLING.

[The Proprietors of "Punch" have given special permission to reproduce the accompanying illustrations. This is the first occasion when a periodical has been enabled to present a selection from Mr. Punch's famous pages.]

PART V.—1865 TO 1869.

This Part contains the first of Mr. Linley Sambourne's drawings for "Punch."



Y this time, 1865 to 1869, we have come near to the middle part of Mr. Punch's sixty years' collection, and we tap the ten Volumes numbered 48 to 57, taking them from that long row of one hundred and fifteen volumes which stand on the shelves as a source of constant pleasure to the owner of them.



CROSS-CROSSING.—Master Tom (going back to School, to deliver Panegyric).—"If you'd like to be a Scholar, you know, Got your, don't you want me, I rather like it!"  
L.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1865.



A DUPLICATE CREATURE.—Misses (on her Return from a Visit).—"I don't understand, Sisters, this Daily Item of Five Shillings for Dinner. I thought—"  
Sisters.—"Well, Miss, the Lower Savages was so Addicted to Pork, Mum, I say—I thought you wouldn't Object to my saving my Meats elsewhere!"  
L.—1865.

Richard Doyle has gone, John Leech has gone, and with them many less prominent artists, whose work, however, still lives in Mr. Punch's pages. We now find Charles Keene and George Du Maurier asserting their genius, with Sir John Tenniel—then plain John—as Mr. Punch's sheet-anchor for his cartoons.

This period in *Punch's* life is made notable by reason of the coming of Mr. Linley Sambourne—that clean master of pure line-work, whose vigour and decision of character no less than his power of fertile invention are so plainly shown in the

drawings and cartoons that now for thirty-two years have been a part of *Punch* itself, although in the early years of Mr. Sambourne's connection with *Punch*, circumstances did not give opportunity for the display of the strong individuality which marks Mr. Sambourne's later work. We shall see the first contribution of this famous artist on a later page of this part of "A Peep into Punch."

Volume 48 of *Punch*, covering the first half of the year 1865, which is here represented by pictures Nos. 1 to 6, contains the Editorial Notification to *Punch's* readers of the public sale by auction of the entire collection of John Leech's original sketches which had appeared in *Punch*. As was stated last month, when we saw his last picture, John Leech died October 29, 1864, and this sale of his sketches was promoted by the proprietors of *Punch* and by Leech's fellow-workers, to supplement the slender means left by him for the support of his wife and children. The sale took place at Christie's in April, 1865, and very high prices were realized for the work



A VERBAL DIFFICULTY.—Irrepressible Captain.—"Your Honor's dis-gracefully dirty, Sir, and it's not the first time; I've a good mind to—"  
Private (blushing).—"Blame, Sir, I never—"  
Captain (flushed).—"Silence, Sir, when you speak to an Officer!"  
L.—1865.





RURAL FRISCHTY.—*Scared Housewife.*—“Oh! Miss! what Master better go Round with the Lantern, than a Master’s Gipsy, somewhere in the Back Garden!” 4—1855.

of the man who has left such a rich legacy behind him for the benefit of all the world, a small part of which has been shown in the earlier chapters of this article.

Mr. W. P. Frith, R.A., in his “Life” of John Leech.



TO A GREAT MIND NOTHING IS IMPOSSIBLE.—*Patrolman in Ireland* (who has been detained some time in the Station collecting his Large Family and Luggage). “Why, confound you, you Fellow, what do you mean by telling us that you had a Conveyance that could take our whole Party of Two, and getting on to send away the other Cabman?”

CAB-DRIVER. “Well, and Sure it’s the Truth I could yer honour. See, now, I’ll take Six on the Kyar, an’ as many more as ther it is—ye see!” 5—1855.

has recorded that, to the surprise and regret of all who knew of the immense mass of work produced by Leech, he was unable to leave even a moderate fortune behind him, and Mr. F. G. Kitton in his Biographical Sketch of John Leech states that the artist’s generous disposition had led him to undertake financial responsibilities which wore him down. Leech died at the early age of forty-six, and on the morning of his death it is recorded by Mr. Kitton that he said to his wife: “Please God, Annie, I’ll make a fortune for us yet.” The same writer states that

Vol. xiv.—72.

Leech, who was the leading spirit of *Punch* for twenty years, earned the sum of £30,000 by his contributions to *Punch*’s pages.

Leech’s extreme sensitiveness no doubt helped to cause his early death, and on this score Miss Georgina Hogarth, the sister-in-law of Charles Dickens, once told me



TRICKS UPON TRAVELLERS.—*Traveller (to Country Acquaintance).* “Who are they? Why, Custom as ad their keds brushed off by Machinery, ‘cos they wouldn’t ‘old ‘em well while they was a bear Sharpswood!” 6—1855.

that she has seen John Leech affected nearly to tears by the imperfect reproduction of some of his work, which in those days had to be intrusted to the wood-engraver for reproduction. Also, Mr. Kitton mentions that Leech is quoted as saying to a friend who was admiring a study in pencil, “Wait till Saturday and see how the engraver will have spoiled it.”



Sink the Housemaid, who is very fond of playing practical jokes on James, has made a mistake to this occasion! 7.—BY CHARLES KNESE, 1855.



YOUNG, BUT ARTFUL.—Frank. "I say, Arthur, I wish you'd go and kiss my Sister! There she is."  
Arthur. "All right—what for?"  
Frank. "Why, because then, I shall kiss you."  
S.—BY RO. MATTHEWS, 1865.

The "Biographical Sketch" of Leech also contains the following very interesting mention of Leech's own attitude towards his work, an attitude that no one would suspect who looks only at the results on *Punch's* pages and elsewhere:—

Leech had a melancholy in his nature, especially in his later years, when the strain of incessant production made his fine organization supersensitive and apprehensive of coming evil. Lord Ossington, then Speaker, once met Leech on the rail, and expressed to him the hope that he enjoyed in his work some of the gratification which it brought to others. The answer was, "I seem to myself to be a man who has undertaken to walk a thousand miles in a thousand hours." . . . The brain busy when the hand was unoccupied, the mind abstracted and employed when the man was supposed to be taking holiday—even when at his meals. He began to complain of habitual weariness and sleeplessness, and was advised to rest and try change of air.

From the next Volume, No. 49, which completes the year 1865, are taken our present illustrations, Nos. 7, 8, 9, 10, and 13—illustrations Nos. 11 and 12 being two of the six pictures which are here the sole representatives of the two *Punch* Volumes for the year 1866.

This Volume XLIX. contains Mr. Punch's obituary verses on Lord Palmerston, who died October 18, 1865. Palmerston was always a prime favourite of Mr. Punch's—here are two of the verses:—

He is down, and far ever! The good fight is ended,  
In deep-dried harness our Champion has died.  
But tears should be few in a sunset so splendid,  
And Grief hush her wail at the bidding of Pride.

Etc., etc., etc.

We trusted his wisdom, but long drew us nearer  
Than homage we owed to his statesmanly art,  
For never was statesman to Englishmen dearer  
Than he who had faith in the great English heart.

Etc., etc., etc.

In earlier parts of this article we have seen some excellent *Punch*-cartoons in which Lord Palmerston was the leading figure, and a main cause of his great popularity at home and of his success right up to the time of his

death may have been (as Mr. Justin McCarthy says it was) that "he was always able with a good conscience to assure the English people that they were the greatest and the best, the only great and good, people in the world, because he had long taught himself to believe this, and had come to believe it." Palmer-

ston honestly believed in his own nation, and that nation honestly believed in Palmerston.



PRETTY INNOCENT!—Little Jean. "Mamma! Why do all the Turrells swell so strong of Brevity?"  
[The Lady in the middle never was fond of Children, and thinks she never met a Child she disliked more than this one.]  
S.—1865.



EARLY PRIZE.—Usuals (awatching the Parter after Sunday School).  
"Oh, Sir, please what would you charge to Children my Doll?"  
S.—1865.





# FOR BETTER OR WORSE.

From *The Day After*. "EUREKA," N.Y. CARTOONIST.

This cartoon illustrates the joining of the United States with the United Kingdom by a submarine cable in the year 1866. 15.—BY CHARLES KEESE.

also gives us an insight as to the way things are managed behind the scenes: the Government was to put up "Robinson and some others" to cry aloud in the House of Commons for retaliation on Portugal, and then the Government was to "talk big" about being forced to retaliate on Portugal, and the effect of such big talk upon Portugal was, no doubt, to be duly watched. Did the "bluff" come off, I wonder?

Passing illustration No. 14—a very funny picture—we come to No. 15, a cartoon by Charles Keene, which illustrates the laying of a new submarine cable between this country and the United States in the year 1866. This cartoon was published on August 11th of that year, and on July 27, 1866, the *Great Eastern* steamship had successfully completed the laying of this new cable to America, an earlier cable having broken in 1865, during the process of laying it, at a distance of 1,050 miles

illustration No. 15 refers.

The broken cable lay in mid-ocean where the water was more than two miles deep. After the *Great Eastern* had done the work shown in Keene's cartoon, she was at once steamed back to where the former cable had broken,

from Ireland. A remarkable feat of seamanship and skill is mentioned by Mr. F. E. Baines in his book: "Forty Years at the Post Office," concerning the broken cable that was replaced by the new cable to which our



16.—PUBLISHED BY THE YEAR 1866.



THE FIVE PERSONS.—Aunt Catherine. "What, Beatrix, not kiss Me, Goodnight?"

Beatrix. "No! I won't!"

Aunt Catherine. "What! not when he asks you hisself?"

Beatrix. "No! NO!! NO!!!"

Chorus of Aunt. "What an Extraordinary Child!!"

17.—BY DU MALIN, 1866.

the huge ship was placed without hesitation over the broken cable of 1865, and a grapple was let down. Almost at the first haul the cable was caught—in water over two miles deep!—and pulled on board. The electricians cut it, applied a speaking instrument to the sound length, and after the silence of a year the wire woke to

life, and the Atlantic Company's office in Valentia, in Kerry, on the west coast of Ireland, spoke through the recovered wire to the *Great Eastern* in mid-ocean, 1,050 miles distant. A ray of light waving to and fro in a darkened cabin was the reward they had toiled for and secured.

No. 16 is one of a series of Calligraphic Mysteries published by *Punch* in 1866. To read this hold the page on a level with your eye.

Pictures 17 to 20 bring us to No. 21, which is Mr. Linley Sambourne's first contribution to *Punch*. This was published April 27, 1867, and it



PHYSICAL SCIENCE IN INTELLECT.—"You look her hair 't' short up," says the Crutchin-like acrophthalmic of his cousin Angeline. "I don't. Stop, and I don't look down—but I see your hair 't'!"  
—BY DE MAYER, 1867.



INTELLIGENT PEOPLE.—"Oh, dear, when do they Play the Organ so Loud for, when 'Church' is over? Is it to Wake us up?"  
—BY CHARLES KNESS, 1867.

represents John Bright tilting at the mark "Reform" on the quintain, and being knocked down by the swinging bag of

sand at the other end of the revolving bar. This refers to the defeated efforts of Bright (with Gladstone and others) to carry a Bill for electoral reform, which caused the resig-



includes the vagrant and thoughtless residents, who are constantly The Reformers, or rather, about it something.  
—THIS SKETCH (SHOWING THE INITIAL-LETTER "P") IS BY LINLEY SAMBOURNE'S FIRST "PUNCH" DRAWING. PUBLISHED APRIL 27, 1867.



FEARFUL ORIGIN FOR JONES.—Study of an Italian Signora, singing "Roberto, le che aglio." She is capt in Domestic Inspiration, and as she Sings she unconsciously gives her adroit Gaze to the faithful Jones, who happens to be standing near. Jones's Agony is simply inconceivable.  
—BY DE MAYER, 1867.

nation of the Liberal Ministry, and then Disraeli, as Conservative Leader of the House of Commons, carried the Reform Bill of 1867, and by so doing completely took the wind out of the sails of his political opponents.

Nos. 22 and 23 are by Charles Keene, who at this time (1867) had had for seven years a seat at the famous *Punch* dinner-table. Keene was an outside contributor to *Punch* from 1851 to 1860; he received his first invitation to "the table" on February 6, 1860.

Keene had the habit of working late at night, and Mr. G. S. Layard in his "Life" of the artist narrates

that he was much disturbed by cats, which prowled and squalled about the window of his studio. Keene retaliated on the cats:—

Setting his wits to work, he contrived a toy weapon of offence, over which the big man showed the boyish enthusiasm which was a characteristic through life. Mr. John Chyten remembers well paying him a visit soon after he had perfected this instrument, and finding him energetically practising, so as to arrive at an accuracy of aim. He dilated with much pride upon his ingenious invention. Breaking off the side pieces of a steel pen, he fastened the centre harpoon-shaped piece on to



AMFOL.—YERY.—Mary. "Don't keep a Scourge of me, John!"  
John. "What beas't a Scourge on yer?"  
Mary (ingeniously). "Well, y' can't y' liss, John!"  
22.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1867.



A PASSAGE OF ARMS.—Hairdresser. "Air's very Dry, Sir?"  
Customer (who hares what's coming). "I like it Dry!"  
Hairdresser (after awhile, again advancing to the attack). "Eed's very Scarly, Sir!"  
Customer (still cautiously retreating). "Ya-as, I prefer it Scarly!"  
[Fervent groan in defeat.]  
23.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1867.

a small shaft. This he wrapped round with tow, and propelled by blowing from a tube into which it fitted. The electrifying effect produced by these missiles upon his victims, without permanently injuring them, delighted him vastly, and he described graphically how they would come along the leads outside his window outlined *en silhouette*, and how the first moment they were struck by the little arrows they would stand for an instant stock still, while every hair on their bodies would stand out sharp and separate against the sky, like quills upon the fretful porcupine, and then how, with a yell, they would leap headlong out of sight into the darkness.

No. 24 is by E. J. Ellis, one of Mr. Punch's artists of thirty years ago, and No. 25

is by George Du Maurier. This fantastic drawing is one of a set illustrating poor Jenkins's nightmare, originating from a hansom-cab-accident depicted by Du Maurier in *Punch* from February 1, 1868. After letting his fancy play most extraordinary tricks, the artist concludes the set of pictures with

one entitled "Jenkins's Nightmare finally resolves itself into a beatific vision of triumph and revenge." In this picture, published February 29, 1868, Du Maurier introduces, incidentally, the name *LITTLE BILLEE* which, in 1895, was again used by Du Maurier for the hero in "Trilby"—a curious coincidence just now found that is of some interest to the host of Trilby-lovers. You may see this "Little Billee" picture on page 89 of Volume LIV. of *Punch*.

No. 26 is by Keene, and No. 27 by Du Maurier. The Cockney in the latter picture is evidently hesitating whether to "give away" the hunted hare who has just appeared



EVIDENTLY.—First Youth (not five years). "Ah! But spare he was to Run Away!"  
Second Youth (not five years). "Run Away? Why, bless you, a Child might Manage him!"  
24.—BY E. J. ELLIS, 1867.



Keene since poor Jockies run with that Accident in the Harrow Cabs last fortnight, his occasional blunders have been agitated by a constantly recurring Nightmare. He dreams that a mare that usually spalling Cabs Horse bolts with him in Harrow Passage (Oxford Street); and cannot quite make out whether he is riding in the Cab, or whether it is he who stands, powerless to move, right in front of the infuriated Animal.

25.—BY DR MAURICE, 1868.

to him for a merciful silence, and one would like to know how the incident ended—one's sympathies are certainly with the hare.

A very famous *Punch* joke is shown in No. 28. This "Bang went Sax-pence" was drawn by Charles Keene, and published December 5, 1868. Even in its present reduced size the drawing shows very clearly the intense earnestness of expression of the returned Scot, who is narrating to his very seriously-interested friend the reason why he has so suddenly cut short his visit to London: "E-eh, it's just a ruinous Place, that! Mun, a had na' been the-erre abune Tea Hooors when—Bang—went Sax-pence!!!"

Keene received inspiration from Scotland for many of his jokes, although he himself was an Englishman, born at Hornsey of English parents. Mr. Spielmann states in his "History of *Punch*," apropos of *Punch*'s Scotch jokes:—

In the United Kingdom the joke-contributor is, as a rule, a disinterested person, usually seeking neither pay nor recognition; and so

far as his estimate bears upon the value of his contribution, it must be admitted that his judgment is generally sound. But of the accepted jokes from unattached contributors, it is a notable fact that at least seventy-five per cent. come from North of the Tweed. Dr. Johnson, ponderous enough in his own humour, admitted that "much may be made of a Scotchman if he be caught young"; and it is probable that to him, as well as to Walpole—who suggested that powerful surgical operation—is owing much of the false impression entertained in England as to Scottish appreciation of humour and of "wut." . . . . . Certain it is that *Punch* is keenly appreciated in the North. In one of the public libraries of Glasgow it has been ascertained that it was second favourite of all the papers there examined by the public; and it has been asserted that in one portion of the moors and waters gillies have more than once been



DEAR, DEAR BOB!—George. "Oh! Shouldn't I just like to see Somebody in that Dress, Aunt?"  
Aunt. "I wish." "Yes, yes, I suppose, dear?"  
George. "Oh, no, Aunt; I mean 'Old Twiggish,' my Head-Ma'am!!"  
26.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1868.

heard to say: "Eh, but that's a guid ane! Send that to Charlie Keene!"

Even a casual acquaintance with *Punch* will suffice to show the genuine humour of Scotch "wut," and in reading Mr. Spielmann's interesting statement just quoted, that at least 75 per cent. of the jokes accepted by *Punch* from unattached contributors come from North of the Tweed, we must bear in mind that these



CUNNEY IS A FIX.—The Heart of Hoor too plain as eye can speak.  
"Oh, Sir, Please, Sir, Pray don't Hollar! Give a poor Creature a Chaise!"  
27.—BY DR MAURICE, 1868.

are the words of the leading authority on *Punch*, whose delightful "History" stands without a rival in all matters that touch the life and chronicles of Mr. Punch.

No. 29 is a cartoon by Tenniel which relates to an agitation in the year 1868 for granting to women the right to vote at Parliamentary elections. Mr. Punch's attitude in the matter is clearly seen, and the Revising Barrister (as *Hamlet*) exclaims to the female vote-claimant, "Get thee to a—Nursery, go! Farewell!"

Despite a few notable exceptions the male mind is now, as in 1868 when No. 29 was published, unable to see wisdom in granting the suffrage to women, and during a recent display of political activity in one of the



#### REVISED—AND CORRECTED.

Revising Barrister (*Hamlet*). "Get thee to a—Nursery, go! Farewell!"  
[Black-petee (*slightly affronted*).

55.—THIS CARTOON BY TENNIEL RELATES TO AN AGITATION IN 1868 FOR GIVING TO WOMEN A VOTE IN PARLIAMENTARY ELECTIONS.



THIRTY.—Public Body (to Townsman who was supposed to be in London on a visit). "E—eh, Mac! ye're soon Home again?"

Mac. "E—eh, it's just a nuisance Place, that! Mac, a bad 'n' been there since Two Hours when—Bong—went Jack-pot?"

25.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1868.

London suburbs, an incident came to my knowledge which is closely akin to that depicted in No. 29.

A worthy matron had after much solicitation consented to join the Primrose League and to take an active part in the canvassing for votes that was in progress, and in the instruction of the working-man voter, including the guidance of him along the right path. Accordingly, this good lady set out one afternoon to make her first attempt to influence the working-man's vote. She herself, I ought to say, was of



A GENTLE VIRGILIAN.—"Morning, Mrs! Who'd ever think, looking at us two, that you devoured Ballocks and Sheep, and I never took anything but Rice?"

30.—BY DU MAURIER, 1869.



and allowed to stand, and somewhat haltingly expressed her views of the political situation to a brawny labourer who, at his ease, sat smoking. When the exhortation came to an end—there had been no interruption from the man—the labourer quietly turned his head towards the Primrose dame and ejaculated, "W'y don't yer go 'ome and mend yer children's socks?" The dame turned tail, hurried home, and declared that nothing should ever again induce her to go canvassing among the lower classes. The man had said to her, with good effect, what Mr. Punch's "Revising Barrister" says in No. 29,



THE DUEL TO THE DEATH.—Suggested as French journalists as being still more certain and satisfactory than their present method of writing Political Differences. 32.—BY DU MAURIER, 1869.

although not in Shakespearean phrase: "Get thee to a Nursery. Go! Farewell!"

No. 30 is a rather disconcerting picture for vegetarians to contemplate, and No. 31 is another drawing by Du Maurier, that shows French journalists how they may make sure of a fatal end to a duel, and at the same time delight a large audience. *Vive l'honneur!*

No. 32, also by Du Maurier, is Vol. vol.—74.



A LITTLE CHRISTIAN DREAM.—Mr. L. Figuier, in the *Thémis* which precedes his interesting *Work on the World before the Flood*, condenses the practice of rendering the Youthful Mind to Admiration by means of Fables and Fairy Tales, and recommends, in lieu thereof, the Study of the Natural History of the World in which we live. Filled by this Advice, we have tried the Experiment on our Eldest, an imaginative Boy of 16. We have cut off his "Cinderella" and his "Puss in Boots," and introduced him to some of the more peaceful Fables of the *Presidents* World, as they appear Restored in Mr. Figuier's Book.

The poor Boy has not had a decent Night's Rest ever since!

33.—BY DU MAURIER, 1869.

a remarkable piece of fantastic imagination prompted by M. Louis Figuier's work on the *World before the Flood*, and illustrating the effect upon the artist's young son of the treatment advocated by Figuier.

Charles Keene shows in No. 33 the startling effect upon a countryman who, in 1869, met at dusk in a



A LITTLE SKEWED.—That Turned out as he was a good Whisker—"Ta Looked like a Man a Rider for Nothing!"

33.—SUGGESTED TO CHARLES KEENE BY THE NEW CYCLES OF 1869.



TO SUFFERERS FROM NERVOUS DEPRESSION.—It's very well to go down for Six Weeks into the Country by yourself, to give up Tobacco and Stimulants, and to Live the Whole Day, so to speak, in the Open Air; but all this will do you no Good, unless you Cultivate a Cheerful Frame of Mind, and take a Lovely View of Things.  
31.—1869.

quiet lane an "awful summit," which closer inspection would have shown to be a man



EMBARRASSING.—Nervous Spider (to wary Old Bachelor). "Oh, Mr. Marigold, I'm so frightened! May I take hold of your Hand while we're going through this Tunnel?"  
35.—OF CHARLES KEESE, 1869.

riding a high spider bicycle—a sight not then familiar to the countryman.

The two Volumes of *Punch* for the year 1869, which are here represented by ten pictures, including Nos. 34 to 40, contain some cartoons which illustrate the perpetual freshness of Mr. Punch's ideas. Over and over again as one looks through the Volumes of *Punch* one is impressed by the vitality of the work and with its peculiar and almost uncanny quality of applicability to current events. Perhaps one cause of Mr. Punch's freshness

and vitality, even in his volumes of many years ago, may be that he singles out for illustration, in his cartoons especially, those incidents of national or social life which are part and parcel of the actual life of nations or of society, and which, therefore, have a constant tendency to recur in a later generation. Be this as it may, it is a fact that, look where you like in the back volumes of *Punch*, you are sure to see a strong cartoon that stands out quite as fresh as if it had been just



Philanthropic Carter (who has been crying "Pierpoint-mend-meek!") tell he's home—and he says, "I wonder what the poor unfortunate Carters in these 'ere Low Neighbourhoods do Live on!"  
36.—OF CHARLES KEESE, 1869.

drawn to illustrate a topic of the present day.

For example, one turns over the leaves of Volume LVI. (January to June, 1869) and finds a Tenniel-cartoon, entitled "Prevention



Little Hille, who in his Early Days has had a deal of Experience as White Mice, invents a Velocipede, Arry, Light, Comedious, and entirely free from Danger.  
37.—1869.



NAPKIN'S LOGIC.—Papa. "How is it, Alice, that you never get a Price at School?"

Mamma. "And that your Friend, Louisa Sharp, gets so Many?"  
 Alice (innocently). "Ah! Louisa Sharp has got such Clever Parents!"  
 38.—BY DR. NAUKIPF, 1869. [1869.]

Better Than Cure," illustrating the application of the "cat" to the shoulders of a ruffian of that Hooligan type of roughs who have quite lately been unpleasantly active.

A few pages further on (January 30, 1869) you see a powerful Tenniel entitled "The Chambermaid of the Vatican," who says, as she looks over the stair-rail towards a group of very advanced High Church clerics, "I've warmed their beds for 'em; why don't they light their candles, and follow me?" [to Rome]. Only the other day, we read in the newspapers of Rome's exultation over the present unhappy dissensions in the Anglican Church, arising from the same cause that in 1869 prompted Tenniel to draw this cartoon.

Turn over a few more pages and you see, apropos of swindling company-mongers, a ruined shareholder supporting his grief-stricken wife as he says to her in court: "Yes, they are committed for trial; but we, my child, to *Hard Labour for Life!*" Comment is unnecessary as to the applicability of this cartoon of 1869 to the company-promoting

events of present times, to which the Lord Chief Justice has lately referred in terms of unmeasured censure.

We turn to the last volume for 1869 (July to December), and passing over many cartoons that actually speak to us of present-day affairs, we see on page 99 (September 11, 1869) a Tenniel, entitled "Well rowed All!" with the Umpire (Mr. Punch) saying to the two carmen, John Bull and



ON THE FACE OF IT.—Pretty Teacher. "Now, Johnny Wels, can you Tell me what a Meant by a Miracle?"

Johnny. "Yes, Teacher. Mother says, if you don't Merry new Parson, you'll be a Miracle!"  
 39.—1869.

Jonathan, who are just shaking hands after a race at Henley: "Ha, dear Boys! You've only to pull together, to lick all the world!"

The fact is that Mr. Punch is at the least a three-fold personality—a clean wit, a fine artist, and a prophet who "sees" true.



"Now then! you be Off!" "I shan't!" "What!! you Want?" "No!!" "Then Stay where you are!!"

40.—BY DR. NAUKIPF, 1869.

(To be continued.)



**I**T is not long since the Rajah of Rhatameh took courage of his passion and murdered Mr. Tinspire, the British Resident, sending his head in a biscuit-box to his wife; yet the occurrence is hardly remembered. I, John Quirke, captain in the Bengal Staff Corps, have not forgotten—cannot forget it. And this is why.

I was in command of the Sepoy company forming Mr. Tinspire's escort when we fell into the trap which Rhatameh had laid. I was cut down, and thought to have been destroyed then and there, but instead was carried not ungently to the Rajah's palace, which was rather fort than mansion. He invited me to drink tea with him, and this I did, half expecting to find it poisoned, but unwilling to let him think that I cared over-much. No symptom of irritation followed on the first cup, so I drank a second, and Rhatameh and I chatted pleasantly away, for the most part about polo, at which he was an expert and I wished to be.

He made me forget I was his prisoner, not unlikely under sentence of death, as he described to me with all a sportsman's eye to detail how best to hold up a pony's head when making a cross-drive. From ponies we came to horses, and sending for his Wazir battle-steed he called me to admire his points, a thing I had no difficulty in doing, for they were patent. After this he showed me his sporting armoury, containing every species of weapon, from a saloon pistol to an

elephant gun. Comparatively ignorant about cattle, here I felt myself quite at home, and soon picked out the choicest items of his collection. With a Mannlicher repeater between us, we discussed grips and balances, cams and tumbling blocks.

"You have shot tigers?" he queried.

"Five," said I.

"Thirty have fallen to my gun," he boasted, and in my heart I said he was a liar, for there were few great beasts in that country, and the rulers of Rhatameh only went abroad to make war. There was an explanation. "That sport costs too much money; every tiger I kill has to be sent up from Bengal. The dealers ask me 2,000 rupees each, and will do nothing until they are paid. . . . I despise the Bengalese—they are all tradesmen. They dare not face the king of the jungle; they entrap him and send him to me to be slain—and then they ask me for money, from me who did them this service. I say I despise them; they are afraid of the English. I am not afraid of the English. I have beaten the English at polo and in battle. You, an English officer, are my prisoner. I could spit in your face and you dare not hinder me. . . . But you, with your strange European mind, would say I was no gentleman, and to that I cannot listen. Therefore, I shall be gracious towards you."

I nearly grinned at the Rajah during this speech, for, hopeless as then would be my chance of ultimate escape, I knew my hand was heavy enough to shatter His Highness's skull if he attempted bodily insult.

Ignoring the side issue, I asked if he had shot lately. "Not tigers," he told me, with a suspicion of malice in his tone.

"You have no tigers now?"

He stared me abruptly in the face. "Yes, one: the Sacred Tiger. Have you not heard of him?"

I cudgelled my brains. "The Golden Tiger of Khandara. Is that the beast?"

"Kohilu, the Sacred Tiger of Khandara, is of ruddy gold," quoth the Rajah.

"Is it a tiger really, your Highness?"

"Think you it to be a mole?" he retorted. "Would you see for yourself?"

"If your Highness would bring me," I replied, and his crafty smile showed that he took my meaning.

"I will bring you," he acquiesced. "Kohilu will not harm his master, but I cannot promise you your safety."

"That I will answer for, if your Highness will permit."

He held up his hand warningly. "You may take no weapon. Whatever shall come to pass, the Sacred Tiger of Khandara must not be injured."

This was a stumbling-block for me, but although he looked me through and through I did not let him see it.

"I quite understand, your Royal Highness," I made answer, very quietly. "Sacred vessels are easy to crack, hard to replace."

"Silence!" ordered the Rajah, imperiously. "Keep your irony until you are facing Kohilu. Then say what you will—unless, indeed, something we cannot foresee should stop you."

Catching up his humour, I replied,

"Killing or being killed is my business. If I cannot do the one, I am not unprepared to submit to the other."

"Wait," said the Rajah, again. "It is easy to talk."

I bowed and declared myself at his disposal.

The Rajah took from his armoury a large gold instrument, not unlike an elephant goad fitted with a huge corkscrew handle.

He answered my questioning glance with the words, "My magic wand," and looked so unutterably conceited, that I would have given half my chance of escape for the kicking of him.

He was not a very powerful man, and, judging that his wand was heavier than the name implied, I offered to carry it for him, but he waved me back; nor did he trust it to a menial: we were to pay our visit to the Sacred Tiger absolutely without attendants of any kind. This did not astonish me, for it was natural that only few persons of the State should be allowed to enter the Holy of Holies, but it made me imagine that the

object of our visit would be so chained up that he could not overpower us by his greeting.

The temple of the sacred beast was outside the precincts of the palace, and, there being no steps, the entrance was approached by a long stone ramp of gentle incline. Up this I walked with a step so eager that I was begged to tarry by the Rajah.

That potentate, marking the few glances I cast around, called upon me to admire the view. "See Khandara and die," said he: whether he chose those words with special



"MY MAGIC WAND."

intention I am not sure. As I said, we were without escort; looking back, it seems to me that had I here overpowered my companion I could have bid strongly for my liberty, but, oddly enough, my mind was so full of the new adventure that the idea of flight did not occur to me. At that moment I believe that I would have accepted the intervention of British troops quite as unwillingly as the Rajah himself. What I wanted was the tiger—that seen, there was leisure to think of my personal safety. The fact of the matter was that the Rajah had nettled my self-esteem, and I would have faced a family of cats, naked, in the arena rather than flinch before his eyes. The outer gate of the temple was opened by unseen hands as we approached, and swung to again when we had passed through. Great bars descending from the walls secured it on the inside. We were now in a paved courtyard, guarded by very high, embattled walls. Behind us was the gatehouse, which had no visible door or window, and in front was a large edifice built in a gaudy rococo style, which hurt my eyes so that I do not care to describe it.

"Does the poor beast never try to run away?" I asked, on the spur of the moment.

"No," answered the Rajah, thoughtfully. "He never does"; for once he did not take my meaning.

Arrived at the entrance to the temple proper, I noticed that it was closed by heavy swing doors without bolt, lock, or bar of any kind, but so constructed as to open only inwards.

The Rajah paused, and laying down his

burden, produced a printed document and a stylographic pen.

"You are sure of yourself?" he asked.

"Sure," I affirmed.

"Then sign this," he returned, and handed me pen and paper.

I read: "This is to certify that I, \_\_\_\_\_—here there was a blank for the name and other particulars—"enter the temple of Kohilu the Sacred Tiger of Khandara, of my own volition, at my own wish and under the protection of my own God. Signed \_\_\_\_\_ day of \_\_\_\_\_ 189 \_\_\_\_\_."

"I will sign all but the last phrase," I declared. "I do not expect Providence to interest Himself in my foolhardiness."

The Rajah demurred. "All the others have signed," said he.

The words were dark, and it was with something of an effort that I modulated my reply: "The more reason, your Highness, for an exception."

"I do not make exceptions," said he.

"Then," I suggested, nonchalantly, "let us go back."

"Never," he rapped out, abruptly.

"Then," said I, in as nearly as possible the same tone as before, "let us go forward."

This irritated him to the serving of my purpose, and crumpling up the paper in his hand, he threw his weight against the doors and opened them wide enough for a man to pass.

"Enter," he cried, with the voice of a challenge.

"Thank you," I said. And with a final muster of my pride, in I strode, in my imagination buffeting death.

My nose received the first impression: there was no smell. Rather should I say



"ENTER," HE CRIED, WITH THE VOICE OF A CHALLENGE.

the penetrating effluvia of savage beasts was wanting or had been overcome by the odour of incense. The temple of the Sacred Tiger smelt like the sanctuary of a Catholic church rather than the cage of a wild animal. Yet a cage it undeniably was. Just clear of the doors swung fully back were the bars, iron, coated thickly with gold and of ancient design, but I suspect recent manufacture, for the gate which was open had very modern bolts and locks. The place was strewn with the litter of an osuery. Lying in the middle was a long thin, white bone, unmistakably the *femur* of a woman, and not of a woman indigenous to the soil; but I saw no tiger or animal of any kind. A thought flashed upon me that the tiger of Khandara was Starvation, and that I had been lured here to die like a rat in a trap. I turned to make a frantic effort to battle my way out, and found the Rajah at my elbow quietly enjoying my trepidation.

"I thought," said he, slowly, "you wished to meet death."

"Visible, knowable death, willingly," said I.

"Death sleeps," answered the Rajah. "He is within."

Following the motion of his hand, I saw in the farther wall of the den another opening without a door, and leading apparently into darkness.

"I shall lead Kohilu forth," said the Rajah. And I was impressed by his dignity as he stepped into the cage and out at the farther opening as jauntily as I might enter my loose box.

Already marvelling when he passed into the pitchy darkness, I was really startled to see that darkness turn to light as if his presence were effulgent: although my

common sense quickly suggested that many men have electric light in their stables. A fantastic shadow was thrown on the wall, as if a child in cap and frock were prodding a pre-diluvian monster with a corkscrew.

All the time I heard a grunting like the modified rumble of a donkey-engine. The sense of mystification changed from the ludicrous to the unbearable, and I was on the point of following the Rajah, when the noise ceased and the light simultaneously went out.

I drew a long breath. There was a chink of metal: the Rajah reappeared, leading by a gold chain, not the thickness of a watch-guard, a gigantic tiger, thirteen hands at the shoulder—the height of a polo-pony—and gorgeously marked.

It took no notice of me, stalking round the cage at the end of its lead with the dull precision of a circus-horse. It struck me at once that it moved like no jungle creature I had ever seen, with its sharp angular steps and its tail dropped behind; but it was, none the less, formidable-looking, and my faith in the Rajah's intrepidity increased.

The tour of the arena twice made, the

Rajah, following the beast, gently laid his hand on its withers, and the beast instantly stopped, falling into a statuesque attitude.

Said the Rajah, "Behold, Kohilu!"

I smiled in return and, approaching, made bold to stroke the beast. The Rajah motioned me back: "Remember, Kohilu my Familiar is Death." He appealed to the thing. "What art thou, oh, Heaven-sent one?"

"Tod," said a voice from Kohilu's inwards.

"Kohilu," explained the Rajah, rather



"KOHILU!"

naively, "thinks you are a German." But the Rajah over-estimated my credulity. I preferred to draw my own conclusions, and began to suspect I could deal with both Monarch and "Familiar."

"Kohilu is a man-eater?" I asked.

"Kohilu eats nothing else."

"Yet his coat is not mangy."

"The covering of the immortals cannot decay."

"He has not fed this morning," I pointed to the dry bones underfoot.

"The day is yet young," returned the Rajah, oracularly.

There was a little pause, and passing his hand again over the animal's withers he caressed him.

"A quiet brute is Kohilu," I said at last.

"Think you so?" snorted the Rajah, his fingers fumbling under the long hair.

"I do," said I, and, choosing my spot, carefully dropped my hand on the brute's muzzle.

The great lower jaw opened and shut with a convulsive snap, but my fingers were well out of reach, and I did not remove my hand.

The Rajah changed colour, and the angry look came again in his eyes.

"Awake, Kohilu," he cried, and, loosing the animal sprang backwards. The immense fore-paws flew up and caught me a blow in the chest that grounded me, and the beast leaped high in the air, its tail just clearing my head. Realizing my danger, I scrambled to my feet. The tiger was bounding round the place with huge upward leaps, more like the movement of a kangaroo than any other beast I knew of. It would rise 12ft. or 14ft. into the air; in falling, smite the ground viciously with its tail, and bound forward again.

All the while its claws worked incessantly, its eyes shone with fire, and its jaws snapped and snapped. In its flight it scattered the bones and litter in all directions, but it did not approach the Rajah very closely. Seeing this, I knew my chance was to keep at His Highness's back until these antics ceased. With what ease I could pretend to I lounged over to him and took my place as it were casually. The animal's bounds grew even higher, and the crash of its concussion with the earth became deafening. "Now is Kohilu a tiger or not?" shouted the Rajah.

"Your Highness knows best," I answered.

"But this I will say—Kohilu came not from Bengal."

"Kohilu came from Heaven."

"Then," said I, firmly, "Heaven is in England."

"In England! Infidel dog!"

"If Kohilu came from Heaven, then Heaven is Sheffield."

"You lie! Kohilu never saw England."

"Nuremberg, then?"

"Kohilu's eyes have never beheld Europe."

"Kohilu's eyes are electric lamps," I answered; and added, point-blank, "the fact is, your Highness, you are a child and Kohilu is your toy."

The words were yet on my lips when he sprang at me and flung me down right in the way the beast was coming, but I caught him to me and dragged him also down, determined I should not die alone. The beast fell short, and again leaped over us, the near hind claw tearing away the Rajah's turban as it took off.

Struggling, we rolled back to safer ground. The Rajah slipped out his poniard, but ere he could use it I snatched up that same long white bone which had caught my eye on entering the cage, and I knocked him senseless.

I had a mind to experience with his body the fate which he had intended to be mine, but what I can only call over-civilized sentimentality deterred me from doing so; and having removed his weapons, gagged and bound him, I sat down on his chest and reflected that it was high time to consider some means of escape.

Meanwhile the tiger bounded and jumped, sometimes swaying unpleasantly near. One conclusion I came to while watching—that the circular movement was governed by the action of the tail, and that this was an intermittent control effected by many incalculable trifles.

I must have been sitting so for over an hour before the mechanical force of the toy showed signs of slackening; from first to last the performance must have occupied nearly three hours. If it could hold on so long at high pressure, it seemed pretty clear that it might have sustained its first walking pace for a whole day.

So I argued as, with feebler and feebler bounds, the contrivance worked itself out. What struck my humour was that the last movements were accompanied by a buzzing sound that might have come from the mechanism of a clockwork train. And this mental vision gave me the clue to the nature of the Rajah's "magic wand." It was an exaggerated clock-key, no more.



When the thing had quite run out, I penetrated into the inner chamber in search of this key, and with the aid of a match found the electric light button and switched it on. The place was empty save for a few simple tools in a rack, and the object of my quest leaning against the wall: that it had, however, at one time been the home of a real tiger, I judged from its shape to be probable.

Returning to the toy I subjected it, somewhat gingerly I must confess, to examination. In the centre of the chest I found the winding hole and inserted the key: I had not given it a quarter turn when the great jaw crashed down on my head, half stunning me. Fortunately the other limbs did not move, and the mouth shut again after the second snap. Clearly I had to find the method of controlling the engine before I dared give it power. I passed my hand over the withers, and found there seven small circular knobs such as are attached to wash-house pipes.

Not without some misgivings I climbed up on the animal's back to look at them. Brushing the hair aside, I read on each respectively: "*Rechtes Vorbein, Linkes Vorbein, Hinterbeine, Kinnenbachen, Schwanz, Augen, and Zerstörung.*"

The certainty of liberty sprang up within me, for I knew I could manage the machine with these handles. Did not *Rechtes Vorbein* and *Linkes Vorbein* mean off and near fore-legs; *Hinterbeine*, hind-legs; *Kinnenbachen*, jaw; *Schwanz*, tail; and *Augen*, eyes? . . . But what did *Zerstörung* mean? My thin German vocabulary did not contain the word. I had seen the animal use its legs, jaw, and tail, and its eyes light up, but could think of nothing else. I felt the handle: unlike the others it was turned off. There was no time for further consideration, so I turned off the others and descended to wind up the monster. It was a stiff job, and took me nearly twenty minutes. When it was finished I gave the three handles controlling the legs each a very slight twist. With a jerk the beast began to move, and, being uncontrolled by the action of its tail, bounced straight into the wall with a tremendous thud which shook the whole building: there its limbs still kept on work-

ing. Fearful of an upset, I jumped up and turned off the machinery.

I was now in a great dilemma to know how to get its head round again, the thing being much too heavy for my mere strength to be of any avail. To set it going again might overturn it, and that would be the ruin of my scheme.

I decided to try the effect of the off fore-paw alone, and set it gently in motion. This produced no useful result, merely causing the animal to vibrate, so I turned it off and tried the tail, which made the apparatus rock violently, but neither did any good. Not to be beaten without a struggle, I tried both tail and leg together. This was the secret: the beast lumbered round, carrying away great chunks of masonry with its paws.

Determined to thoroughly master the steering-gear before going any further, as soon as the thing was clear I mounted on its back and cautiously set it going. When I thought I



"I REMOVED HIS OLDER GARDENS AND PULLED THEM ON OVER MY EMBROID."

had room to turn, I stopped the near fore-leg, with the consequence that the beast swung sharply round, pitching me over his shoulder on to the still prostrate Rajah, but for whose intervention I might have broken my neck. I was on my feet just in time to save the beast from crashing into the wall.

Mounting again, I continued my experiments, with the result that in half an hour's time I was able to describe the figure of eight, and perform other exercises of the riding-school. When I thought myself fairly efficient, I again wound the animal up to the full, worked it into position for departure, and turned my attention to the Rajah. He had recovered consciousness, and regarded me with considerable dislike as I removed his outer garments and pulled them on over my uniform, along with his sword and other accoutrements. I also replaced my helmet by his turban.

He strove to work the gag out of his mouth, probably to invite me to kill him, for he was a proud man in his way, but I affected to ignore him, thinking that the most irritating treatment to which I could subject him.

Night was descending, and it behoved me to be off. To steer the beast out of the cage was a ticklish job, and before I could attempt to do it, it was necessary to force back the ponderous temple doors. By this time I had been nearly forty hours without solid food, and the strain on my weakened muscles made me tremble all over. So little nerve was then left to me after my exertions, that I did not dare to ride the animal out; but, setting it in motion, took my place in rear. It was as well I did so, for it brushed the bars near enough to have mangled my leg had I been on it. The court-yard reached, I clambered to my perch again, exulting in my success. . . . But only for an instant. Blackly in the gloom stood up the outer gate with its inexorable bars.

In my nervous state I was prostrated by this check: it seemed an end to all my hopes. Stopping the tiger, I stared painfully into the gathering darkness. Was I only a rat after all? Would the Rajah get the better of me? My impulse was to go back, make an end of him, and of myself across his body. But even then the slaying of a man in cold blood was abhorrent to me. Better to make one desperate effort to break out.

Digging my hands into the long hair, I crouched low as possible on the tiger's back,

and turned the first four handles as far as they would go.

The golden tiger rose in the air, came heavily to earth, and as it rose again I shut my eyes. There was a crash as of the crack of doom, the whole world staggered round me, and I thought my head was splitting—a great jerk—I opened my eyes and found we were bounding into unfathomable night at the speed of an express train. I dared not attempt to steer the animal at such a pace, which, indeed, threatened to shake myself and it to fragments; so, as uniformly as I could, I reversed all the handles.

When the speed was sufficiently reduced for me to use my eyes, we had left the ramp far behind and were chasing across a sandy plain. Whither I could not judge. From behind arose a great uproar of voices, and the discharge of the Rajah's seven-pounder gun, which none but he could handle, proclaimed that he was again at large.

The moon came up and told me that I was heading due south across the Rhata-meyan plateau, which extended for some fifteen miles in front of me till the mountains again arose. At my present reduced pace I ought to traverse this distance in five quarters of an hour. Then if I could strike the mountain road it should not be very difficult to gallop past the guard-house, leap the barrier, and be off up the mountain ere a bullet could stay me.

But the Rajah had not done with me yet, I found. One of his first acts must have been to wire a warning to the outpost, and as I approached the guard-house was ablaze with light, and I saw some score of men armed with rifles thrown forward into the plain. I stopped the tiger, so that the noise might not give them knowledge of my presence before I had settled my plans.

To gain the road was my only chance—but how to do it? To my horror I saw them lead out an elephant and anchor him across the path with the head towards me. At the same moment the galloping of horses came up on the wind behind. Cursing the momentary indecision which had added to my difficulties, I fumbled with my handles, but could not turn them on. At last my nerve had broken down.

The sweat broke out on my brow, and thinking I was about to fall from my perch I grabbed at the seventh handle.

I felt a tremendous concussion under me; there was a roar and a wave of fire, followed by smoke stinking of powder. I heard the



"NOT ALL RHATAMEH COULD STOP US NOW."

yells of frightened men, and the frantic trumpeting of the elephant.

As the vapour cleared I saw that the men opposed to me were gone, and that the elephant was lying prone in its chains.

The uproar of pursuit came nearer. Praising the gods, I turned the first three handles full on as before, and Kohilu bounded forward, once, twice, thrice - again: this time we landed right on the elephant, trampling the poor squealing monster into the earth. But Kohilu, though he toppled heavily forward, did not fall. Up again he bounded forward

into liberty. And not all Rhatameh could stop us now.

At dawn, after carrying me 120 miles, Kohilu received the contents of a British magazine rifle. It did not matter to Kohilu, and it told me a welcome tale. I had come on the bivouac of a regiment of Punjaubees. A taciturn Scots major was in command.

When he had listened to my story with a weary air, he remarked, "Made in Germany, of course. Everything's made in Germany nowadays."

## The Newest Flying-Machine.

By HERBERT C. FYFE.



ALTHOUGH Dr. K. I. Danilewsky does not pretend to have completely solved the question of aerial navigation, he has undoubtedly gone farther than anyone else in the construction of a balloon which can be steered with perfect ease in any required direction without the aid of engine or screw.

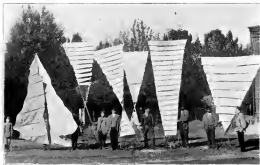
Those who build flying-machines may be divided into three classes. First, there are those who believe that the coming air-ship will be in the nature of the present-day balloon, *i.e.*, a substance filled with gas and lighter than the air it displaces in the course of its travels; their object is to find some means or other by which it will be possible to guide the balloon in any required direction, and even to force it against the wind. Innumerable "dirigible balloons" have from time to time been proposed, and many have been constructed. But in the present instance we shall confine ourselves to the apparatus invented by Dr. K. I. Danilewsky, of Kharkov, Russia, who has very kindly allowed some of his photographs to be reproduced here for the first time, and has supplied information about his experiments and results.

Secondly, there are those who pin their faith in machines heavier than the air, propelled by steam, electricity, or

liquid fuel. The experiments of Langley, Maxim, and others will be familiar to most readers; it must suffice to say that no aerial machine of this sort has yet ascended with a passenger inside.

The third class are those who seek to unravel the problems of the air by the construction of gliding apparatus in which they place themselves, and, putting off into the air from an elevation, endeavour to reach the ground in safety. The best-known in this line is Mr. Pilcher. Herr Lilienthal, it will be remembered, lost his life while attempting a flight.

So much then for past history. The newest "dirigible flying-machine" now claims our attention. Dr. K. I. Danilewsky, its inventor, read a paper on the apparatus in the sub-section of Aeronautics at the tenth meeting of naturalists and physicians, held quite recently at Kieff. He has been so good as to translate some of his remarks for us, and these are here summarized. Dr.



Frontal

THE "WINGS."

(Photograph.)



FIGURE 41.

READY TO START.

[Photograph.]

Danilevsky says that the results arrived at so far can be expressed in the following way:—

1. The machine enables us, in the simplest manner possible, to ascend easily to any given height, and to descend safely at an unlimited number of times, without throwing out any ballast or letting out the gas.
2. It enables us to actively direct the machine in calm weather in any required direction.

3. When a fair wind comes we are enabled to make full use of it.

4. The machine once being loaded we can use it daily and hourly for eight or nine days.

5. What I consider as a matter of great importance is the cheapness of the machine, its safety in flying, and the extreme simplicity of its construction, so that any mechanic can make one on the same model.

"This is what I have done in the course of the last eighteen months. As to flying against the wind—the machine is unable to do it

convincing that such a machine must come, and every year we are nearer to the desired end.

"The idea which led me to the construction of my dirigible balloon is very simple, and can be thus expressed. If a man's strength be not sufficient to raise him into the air, he can raise himself if part of his weight be sub-

yet. Such an apparatus cannot be produced nor can the solution of the question of flight and suspension in the air be arrived at by the effort of one man and a few experiments, but by hundreds of people and tens of thousands of experiments. The man who attempts to make a flying-machine is regarded (in Russia at least) with distrust, and he finds most people opposed to his ideas. I feel, however,

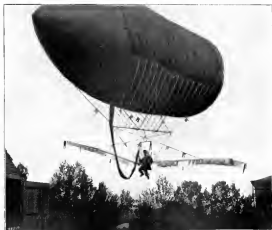


FIGURE 42.

[Photograph.]

[Photograph.]



From a)

AERONAUT, 1897.

[Photograph]

tracted. The latter condition is arrived at by using a balloon filled with hydrogen. This extremely plain idea I bore in mind years ago when a student of the University. I could, however, only prove the truth of it in 1897 and 1898, and I have now found that by the use of a balloon filled with hydrogen the weight of the man is eliminated from the problem, and he can use all his efforts to propel and steer the machine which supports him."

From the photographs here reproduced the reader will be enabled to get a very good idea of the form and shape of Dr. Danilewsky's balloon. The inflated portion is shaped like a cigar, being pointed at one end and flat at the other. Over a portion of the body is placed a covering, and from this stout cords are led down to the

be easily inclined at any angle.

Dr. Danilewsky's first experiments were made in October, 1897, and are thus recorded in the inventor's note-book: "In the course of 112 hours twenty-five ascents were made: height attained was about 280ft. Some of the ascents were made with the machine tied to a rope, others without."

The apparatus for supplying the hydrogen became damaged, and the experiments were



From a)

AERONAUT, 1897.

[Photograph]

metal bar which serves to support the aeronaut, who is seated in a chair firmly secured to the bar. On each side of him are placed the "wings," and it is by the manipulation of these that he is able to steer the balloon in calm weather in any direction he may wish to go. The nature of these "wings" can be best seen in the first photograph, where several workmen are holding up different patterns. By means of ropes and pulleys the "wings" can



From a)

ASCENDING.

(Photograph.)

postponed till June, 1898, when the same balloon was used, the wings this time being 16ft. 4in. long. Ten ascents were made to 70ft. The next day twenty ascents were made to about 105ft., with wings of 14ft. It was found that the wings of 14ft. were still too long, and that the surface of the ends of the wings offered resistance, and consequently that the strokes were weak. Some days later wings of 11ft. 8in. were tried — the working surface was thus increased, and it was found that the wings developed much greater power when ascending, lifting about 20lb. and offering hardly any resistance.

It was decided that in case of a too-quick descent the wings should be changed into

the 27th of June, 1898, the wings were now arranged so that they could be changed into parachutes when the balloon was descending. On the 4th of July ten ascents were made to a height of from 280ft. to

parachutes to slacken the descent. On the 24th June, in the presence of a representative of the Russian War Office, Colonel G. B. Vassewitch, fifteen ascents were made to a height of about 280ft., the balloon carrying 8lb. weight. The descent was slow and easy, and the balloon was kept immovable at a certain height by the aeronaut, and also turned several times round and round, as ordered by Dr. Danilevsky. Resuming experiments again on



From a)

DESCENDING.

(Photograph.)



From a)

A TAIL DESCENT

(Photograph)

350ft. Dr. Danilevsky remarks on these as follows:

"The aeronaut gave too little reserve weight, and the machine rose briskly, after which it began to descend very slowly. Then he put the wings at an angle of 45deg. and travelled for some time horizontally. There

aeronaut was told to cross to another yard, 350ft. distant. The machine was to pass in a straight line, but when it had risen it met with a side current of wind. After continuing for a considerable distance the aeronaut briskly turned the head of the balloon against the wind, and kept the balloon



From a)

LANDING.

(Photograph)

was difficulty in turning the balloon round in consequence of the joint between the balloon and the wings being weak, and the joint must be made less pliable." The experiments on the 14th of July are thus detailed by Dr. Danilevsky:—

"After several ascents in the yard the

immovable for five minutes by the manipulation of the wings.

Dr. Danilevsky drew the following conclusions from these trials:—

1. Having to struggle with different currents of the air one must be experienced in tacking about.
2. In order to utilize the whole power of the wings



for progressive movement, it is necessary to rise high in the air, and then the wings can be placed at gudge, without any risk of descending. In the latter case, to keep the machine from descending it is better to open the parachute.

In subsequent trials it was found that when the weather was calm, the aeronaut could keep the balloon immovable, by working the wings, for some considerable period, provided the wind was not blowing more than a certain number of miles an hour. On the 6th of August some experiments in the open were tried. When at a height of 280ft., the machine was carried away by the current towards the town.

"Several times the aeronaut turned the head of the balloon against the wind, and, fixing the wings for progressive movement, struggled against the current, and *actually moved slowly against it.*"

The next trials were made on the 14th of August. Dr. Danilewsky writes of these:—"The machine turns without much difficulty when tacking about. Having fixed the wings at 45deg., the aeronaut moved horizontally for about 140ft., keeping about 210ft. above the ground. In the last ascent the aluminium beam broke, and the machine descended slowly to the ground. The conclusions

I arrived at from these experiments were: firstly, that, flying horizontally, the new wings pushed the air with more strength than the old ones; secondly, that the balloon of the new shape turned easier than before."

At the close of his lecture before the Congress of Naturalists and Physicians at Kieff, Dr. Danilewsky spoke as follows:—

"What is the conclusion we can arrive at after all has been said? There can be only one conclusion: that we are near the *practical* solution of the great problem of a man being able to fly."

How near, the reader can form his own opinion from the photographs shown in these pages, which depict the machine in various stages of actual flight. The inventor, in his modesty, rather understates his case. He might have justly claimed that the problem is already solved.

Dr. Danilewsky has drawn up a comparative table giving an estimate of a practical application of a balloon of the present type and his own "flying apparatus." As this sums up the question very clearly, this table is here reproduced:—

COMPARATIVE TABLE, GIVING AN ESTIMATE OF A PRACTICAL APPLICATION OF A BALLOON OF THE PRESENT TYPE, AND A FLYING APPARATUS INVENTED BY DR. DANILEWSKY.

	AS APPLIED TO A BALLOON.	AS APPLIED TO A FLYING APPARATUS.
1. The filling with hydrogen, the rigging, and in general the complete equipment for flight, requires	from 15 men and upwards.	From 3 to 4 men.
2. Time required for all preparations at the same conditions of filling	from 3 to 4 hours.	From $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour to 1 hour.
3. The transport of an apparatus filled and fitted out for removal of troops	is not practised.	Requires 2 men.
4. The transport when folded up or taken to pieces, requires	from 15 men and upwards.	3 men.
5. The transport of the apparatus and all its appurtenances, including propeller, but without hydraulic carriage, requires	from 7 carts and upwards.	1 cart.
6. The use of the apparatus as a captive balloon, requires	2 propeller,	None.
7. The ascension of a free apparatus, as generally practised, is accomplished	at a height previously known, which is fixed according to the inner arrangement of the balloon.	At a height beginning at one mile from the earth, quite at option of the aeronaut.
8. The free flight in calm weather	cannot be accomplished.	Can be accomplished.
9. The free flight in different currents of air and at different heights	carries away with the current it happens to encounter.	Is according to the will of the aeronaut, who looks out for a propitious wind.
10. The moment of descent	is under the control of the aeronaut until his store of ballast is exhausted.	Is always under the control of the aeronaut, quite independent of any ballast.
11. The descent to earth	is most frequently a evil.	Is most frequently no evil.
12. The repeated ascending and descending	is impossible.	Is possible innumerable times.
13. One filling with hydrogen serves	for one flight; at the utmost for two.	For innumerable times within 8 to 9 days, notwithstanding insignificant accidents caused by the escape of hydrogen by diffusion.



BY E. NESBIT.

rather tiresome and naughty perhaps, but still natural. He had never before thought it curious. She stood holding her handkerchief to her eye, and said :—

"I don't believe it's out." People always say this when they have had something in their eyes.

"Oh, yes—it's *out*," said the doctor—"here it is on the brush. This is very interesting."

Effie had never heard her father say that about anything that she had any share in. She said "*What?*"

The doctor carried the brush very carefully across the room, and held the point of it under his microscope—then he twisted the brass screws of the microscope, and looked through the top with one eye.

"Dear me," he said. "Dear, *dear* me! Four well-developed limbs; a long caudal appendage; five toes, unequal in lengths, almost like one of the *Lacertidae*, yet there are traces of wings." The creature under his eye wriggled a little in the castor-oil, and he went on: "Yes; a bat-like wing. A new specimen, undoubtedly. Effie, run round to the professor and ask him to be kind enough to step in for a few minutes."

"You might give me sixpence, daddy," said Effie, "because I did bring you the new specimen. I took great care of it inside my eye; and my eye *does* hurt."

**T**all began with Effie's getting something in her eye. It hurt very much indeed, and it felt something like a red-hot spark—only it seemed to have legs as well, and wings like a fly. Effie rubbed and cried—not real crying, but the kind your eye does all by itself without your being miserable inside your mind—and then she went to her father to have the thing in her eye taken out. Effie's father was a doctor, so of course he knew how to take things out of eyes—he did it very cleverly with a soft paint-brush dipped in castor-oil. When he had got the thing out, he said :—

"This is very curious." Effie had often got things in her eye before, and her father had always seemed to think it was natural—

The doctor was so pleased with the new specimen that he gave Effie a shilling, and presently the professor stepped round. He stayed to lunch, and he and the doctor quarrelled very happily all the afternoon about the name and the family of the thing that had come out of Effie's eye.

But at tea-time another thing happened. Effie's brother Harry fished something out of his tea, which he thought at first was an earwig. He was just getting ready to drop it on the floor, and end its life in the usual way, when it shook itself in the spoon—spread two wet wings, and flopped on to the tablecloth. There it sat stroking itself with its feet and stretching its wings, and Harry said: "Why, it's a tiny newt!"

The professor leaned forward before the doctor could say a word. "I'll give you half a crown for it, Harry, my lad," he said, speaking very fast; and then he picked it up carefully on his handkerchief.

"It is a new specimen," he said, "and finer than yours, doctor."

It was a tiny lizard, about half an inch long—with scales and wings.

So now the doctor and the professor each had a specimen, and they were both very pleased. But before long these specimens began to seem less valuable. For the next morning, when the knife-boy was cleaning the doctor's boots, he suddenly dropped the brushes and the boot and the blacking, and screamed out that he was burnt.

And from inside the hoot came crawling a lizard as big as a kitten, with large, shiny wings.

"Why," said Effie, "I know what it is. It is a dragon like St. George killed."

And Effie was right. That afternoon Towser was bitten in the garden by a dragon about the size of a rabbit, which he had tried to chase, and next morning all the papers were full of the wonderful "winged lizards" that were appearing all over the country. The papers would not call them dragons, because, of course, no one believes in dragons nowadays—and at any rate the papers were not going to be so silly as to believe in fairy stories. At first there were only a few, but in a week or two the country was simply running alive with dragons of all sizes, and in the air you could sometimes see them as thick as a swarm of bees. They all looked alike except as to size. They were green with scales, and they had four legs and a long tail and great wings like bats' wings, only the wings were a pale, half-transparent yellow, like the gear-cases on bicycles.

And they breathed fire and smoke, as all proper dragons must, but still the newspapers went on pretending they were lizards, until the editor of the *Standard* was picked up and carried away by a very large one, and then the other newspaper people had not anyone left to tell them what they ought not to believe. So that when the largest elephant in the Zoo was carried off by a dragon, the papers gave up pretending—and put: "Alarming Plague of Dragons" at the top of the paper.

And you have no idea how alarming it was, and at the same time how aggravating. The large-sized dragons were terrible certainly, but when once you had found out that the dragons always went to bed early because they were afraid of the chill night air, you had only to stay indoors all day, and you were pretty safe from the big ones. But the smaller sizes were a perfect nuisance. The ones as big as earwigs got in the soap, and they got in the butter. The ones as big as dogs got in the bath, and the fire and smoke inside them made them steam like anything when the cold water tap was turned on, so that careless people were often scalded quite severely. The ones that were as large as pigeons would get into work-baskets or corner drawers, and bite you when you were in a hurry to get a needle or a handkerchief. The ones as big as sheep were easier to avoid, because you could see them coming; but when they flew in at the windows and curled up under your eider-down, and you did not find them till you went to bed, it was always a shock. The ones this size did not eat people, only lettuces, but they always scorched the sheets and pillow-cases dreadfully.

Of course, the County Council and the police did everything that could be done: it was no use offering the hand of the Princess to anyone who killed a dragon. This way was all very well in olden times—when there was only one dragon and one Princess; but now there were far more dragons than Princesses—although the Royal Family was a large one. And besides, it would have been mere waste of Princesses to offer rewards for killing dragons, because everybody killed as many dragons as they could quite out of their own heads and without rewards at all, just to get the nasty things out of the way. The County Council undertook to cremate all dragons delivered at their offices between the hours of ten and two, and whole waggon-loads and cart-loads and truck-loads of dead dragons could be seen any day of the week standing in a long line in the street where the County Council lived. Boys brought barrow-loads



"THE LARGEST ELEPHANT IN THE ZOO WAS CARRIED OFF."

of dead dragons, and children on their way home from morning school would call in to leave the handful or two of little dragons they had brought in their satchels, or carried in their knotted pocket-handkerchiefs. And yet there seemed to be as many dragons as ever. Then the police stuck up great wood and canvas towers covered with patent glue. When the dragons flew against these towers, they stuck fast, as flies and wasps do on the sticky papers in the kitchen; and when the towers were covered all over with dragons, the police-inspector used to set light to the towers, and burn them and dragons and all.

And yet there seemed to be more dragons than ever. The shops were full of patent dragon poison and anti-dragon soap, and dragon-proof curtains for the windows; and,

indeed, everything that could be done was done.

And yet there seemed to be more dragons than ever.

It was not very easy to know what would poison a dragon, because you see they ate such different things. The largest kind ate elephants as long as there were any, and then went on with horses and cows. Another size ate nothing but lilies of the valley, and a third size ate only Prime Ministers if they were to be had, and, if not, would feed freely on boys in buttons. Another size lived on bricks, and three of them ate two-thirds of the South Lambeth Infirmary in one afternoon.

But the size Effie was most afraid of was about as big as your dining-room, and that size ate *little girls and boys*.

At first Effie and her brother were quite pleased with the change in their lives. It was so amusing to sit up all night instead of going to sleep, and to play in the garden lighted by electric lamps. And it sounded so funny to hear mother say, when they were going to bed:—

"Good-night, my darlings, sleep sound all day, and don't get up too soon. You must not get up before it's *quite* dark.

You wouldn't like the nasty dragons to catch you."

But after a time they got very tired of it all: they wanted to see the flowers and trees growing in the fields, and to see the pretty sunshine out of doors, and not just through glass windows and patent dragon-proof curtains. And they wanted to play on the grass, which they were not allowed to do in the electric lamp-lighted garden because of the night-dew.

And they wanted so much to get out, just for once, in the beautiful, bright, dangerous daylight, that they began to try and think of some reason why they *ought* to go out. Only they did not like to disobey their mother.

But one morning their mother was busy preparing some new dragon poison to lay down in

the cellars, and their father was bandaging the hand of the boot-boy which had been scratched by one of the dragons who liked to eat Prime Ministers when they were to be had, so nobody remembered to say to the children:—

"Don't get up till it is quite dark!"

"Go now," said Harry; "it would not be disobedient to go. And I know exactly what we ought to do, but I don't know how we ought to do it."

"What ought we to do?" said Effie.

"We ought to wake St. George, of course," said Harry. "He was the only person in his town who knew how to manage dragons; the people in the fairy tales don't count. But St. George is a real person, and he is only asleep, and he is waiting to be waked up. Only nobody believes in St. George now. I heard father say so."

"We do," said Effie.

"Of course we do. And don't you see, Ef, that's the very reason why we could wake him? You can't wake people if you don't believe in them, can you?"

Effie said no, but where could they find St. George?

"We must go and look," said Harry, boldly. "You shall wear a dragon-proof frock, made of stuff like the curtains. And I will smear myself all over with the best dragon poison, and—"

Effie clasped her hands and skipped with joy, and cried:—

"Oh, Harry! I know where we can find St. George! In St. George's Church, of course."

"Um," said Harry, wishing he had thought of it for himself, "you have a little sense sometimes, for a girl."

So next afternoon quite early, long before the beams of sunset announced the coming night, when everybody would be up and working, the two children got out of bed. Effie wrapped herself in a shawl of dragon-proof muslin—there was no time to make the frock—and Harry made a horrid mess of himself with the patent dragon poison. It was warranted harmless to infants and invalids, so he felt quite safe.

Then they took hands and set out to walk to St. George's Church. As you know, there are many St. George's churches, but, fortunately, they took the turning that leads to the right one, and went along in the bright sunlight, feeling very brave and adventurous.

There was no one about in the streets except dragons, and the place was simply

swarming with them. Fortunately none of the dragons were just the right size for eating little boys and girls, or perhaps this story might have had to end here. There were dragons on the pavement, and dragons on the road-way, dragons basking on the front-door steps of public buildings, and dragons preening their wings on the roofs in the hot afternoon sun. The town was quite green with them. Even when the children had got out of the town and were walking in the lanes, they noticed that the fields on each side were greener than usual with the scaly legs and tails; and some of the smaller sizes had made themselves asbestos nests in the flowering hawthorn hedges.

Effie held her brother's hand very tight, and once when a fat dragon flopped against her ear she screamed out, and a whole flight of green dragons rose from the field at the sound, and sprawled away across the sky. The children could hear the rattle of their wings as they flew.

"Oh, I want to go home," said Effie.

"Don't be silly," said Harry. "Surely you haven't forgotten about the Seven Champions and all the Princes. People who are going to be their country's deliverers never scream and say they want to go home."

"And are we," asked Effie—"deliverers, I mean?"

"You'll see," said her brother, and on they went.

When they came to St. George's Church they found the door open, and they walked right in—but St. George was not there, so they walked round the churchyard outside, and presently they found the great stone tomb of St. George, with the figure of him carved in marble outside, in his armour and helmet, and with his hands folded on his breast.

"How ever can we wake him?" they said.

Then Harry spoke to St. George—but he would not answer; and he called, but St. George did not seem to hear; and then he actually tried to waken the great dragon-slayer by shaking his marble shoulders. But St. George took no notice.

Then Effie began to cry, and she put her arms round St. George's neck as well as she could for the marble, which was very much in the way at the back, and she kissed the marble face and she said:—

"Oh, dear, good, kind St. George, please wake up and help us."

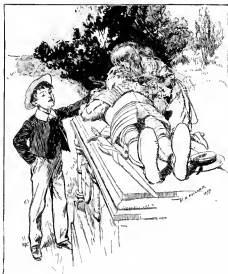
And at that St. George opened his eyes

sleepily, and stretched himself and said: "What's the matter, little girl?"

So the children told him all about it; he turned over in his marble and leaned on one elbow to listen. But when he heard that

of settling these dragons. By the way, what sort of weather have you been having lately?"

This seemed so careless and unkind that Harry would not answer, but Effie said,



"PLEASE WAKE UP AND HELP US."

there were so many dragons he shook his head.

"It's no good," he said, "they would be one too many for poor old George. You should have waked me before. I was always for a fair fight—one man one dragon, was my motto."

Just then a flight of dragons passed overhead, and St. George half drew his sword.

But he shook his head again, and pushed the sword back as the flight of dragons grew small in the distance.

"I can't do anything," he said; "things have changed since my time. St. Andrew told me about it. They woke him up over the engineers' strike, and he came to talk to me. He says everything is done by machinery now; there must be some way

patiently, "It has been very fine. Father says it is the hottest weather there has ever been in this country."

"Ah, I guessed as much," said the Champion, thoughtfully. "Well, the only thing would be . . . dragons can't stand wet and cold, that's the only thing. If you could find the taps."

St. George was beginning to settle down again on his stone slab.

"Good-night, very sorry I can't help you," he said, yawning behind his marble hand.

"Oh, but you can," cried Effie. "Tell us—what taps?"

"Oh, like in the bathroom," said St. George, still more sleepily; "and there's a looking-glass, too; shows you all the world

and what's going on. St. Denis told me about it; said it was a very pretty thing. I'm sorry I can't—good-night."

And he fell back into his marble and was fast asleep again in a moment.

"We shall never find the taps," said Harry. "I say, wouldn't it be awful if St. George woke up when there was a dragon near, the size that eats champions?"

Effie pulled off her dragon-proof veil. "We didn't meet any the size of the dining-room as we came along," she said; "I daresay we shall be quite safe."

So she covered St. George with the veil, and Harry rubbed off as much as he could of the dragon poison on to St. George's armour, so as to make everything quite safe for him.

"We might hide in the church till it is dark," he said, "and then——"

But at that moment a dark shadow fell on them, and they saw that it was a dragon exactly the size of the dining-room at home.

So then they knew that all was lost. The dragon swooped down and caught the two children in his claws; he caught Effie by her green silk sash, and Harry by the little point at the back of his Eton jacket—and then, spreading his great yellow wings, he rose into the air, rattling like a third-class carriage when the brake is hard on.

"Oh, Harry," said Effie, "I wonder when he will eat us!"

The dragon was flying across woods and fields with great flaps of his wings that carried him a quarter of a mile at each flap.

Harry and Effie could see the country below, hedges and rivers and churches and

farmhouses flowing away from under them, much faster than you see them running away from the sides of the fastest express train.

And still the dragon flew on. The children saw other dragons in the air as they went, but the dragon who was as big as the dining-room never stopped to speak to any of them, but just flew on quite steadily.

"He knows where he wants to go," said Harry. "Oh, if he would only drop us up before he gets there!"



"HE ROSE INTO THE AIR, RATTLING LIKE A THIRD-CLASS CARriage."

But the dragon held on tight, and he flew and flew and flew until at last, when the children were quite giddy, he settled down, with a rattling of all his scales, on the top of a mountain. And he lay there on his great

green scaly side, panting, and very much out of breath, because he had come such a long way. But his claws were fast in Effie's sash and the little point at the back of Harry's Eton jacket.

Then Effie took out the knife Harry had given her on her birthday. It only cost sixpence to begin with, and she had had it a month, and it never could sharpen anything but slate-pencils, but somehow she managed to make that knife cut her sash in front, and crept out of it, leaving the dragon with only a green silk bow in one of his claws. That knife would never have cut Harry's jacket - tail off, though, and when Effie had tried for some time she saw that this was so, and gave it up. But with her help Harry managed to wriggle quietly out of his sleeves, so that the dragon had only an Eton jacket in his other claw. Then the children crept on tip-toe to a crack in the rocks and got in. It was much too narrow for the dragon to get in also, so they stayed in there and waited to make faces at the dragon when he felt rested enough to sit up and begin to think about eating them. He was very angry, indeed, when they made faces at him, and blew out fire and smoke at them, but they ran farther into the cave so that he could not reach them, and when he was tired of blowing he went away.

But they were afraid to come out of the cave, so they went farther in, and presently the cave opened out and grew bigger, and the floor was soft sand, and when they had come to the very end of the cave there was a door, and on it was written: "*Universal Tap-room. Private. No one allowed inside.*"

So they opened the door at once just to peep in, and then they remembered what St. George had said.

"We can't be worse off than we are," said Harry, "with a dragon waiting for us outside. Let's go in."

So they went boldly into the tap-room, and shut the door behind them.

And now they were in a sort of room cut out of the solid rock, and all along one side of the room were taps, and all the taps were labelled with china labels like you see to baths. And as they could both read words of two syllables or even three sometimes, they understood at once that they had got to the place where the weather is turned on from. There were six big taps labelled "Sunshine," "Wind," "Rain," "Snow," "Hail," "Ice," and a lot of little ones, labelled "Fair



"ONE SIDE OF THE ROOM WAS JUST A BIG LOOKING-GLASS."

to moderate," "Showery," "South breeze," "Nice growing weather for the crops," "Skating," "Good open weather," "South wind," "East wind," and so on. And the big tap labelled "Sunshine" was turned full on. They could not see any sunshine—the cave was lighted by a skylight of blue glass—so they supposed the sunlight was pouring out by some other way, as it does with the tap that washes out the underneath parts of patent sinks in kitchens.

Then they saw that one side of the room was just a big looking-glass, and when you looked in it you could see everything that was going on in the world—and all at once,



too, which is not like most looking-glasses. They saw the carts delivering the dead dragons at the County Council offices, and they saw St. George asleep under the dragon-proof veil. And they saw their mother at home crying because her children had gone out in the dreadful, dangerous daylight, and she was afraid a dragon had eaten them. And they saw the whole of England, like a great puzzle-map green in the field parts and brown in the towns, and black in the places where they make coal, and crockery, and cutlery, and chemicals. And all over it, on the black parts, and on the brown, and on the green, there was a network of green dragons. And they could see that it was still broad daylight, and no dragons had gone to bed yet.

So Effie said, "Dragons do not like cold." And she tried to turn off the sunshine, but the tap was out of order, and that was why there had been so much hot weather, and why the dragons had been able to be hatched. So they left the sunshine-tap alone, and they turned on the snow and left the tap full on while they went to look in the glass. There they saw the dragons running all sorts of ways like ants if you are cruel enough to pour water into an ant-heap, which, of course, you never are. And the snow fell more and more.

Then Effie turned the rain-tap quite full on, and presently the dragons began to wriggle less, and by-and-by some of them lay quite still, so the children knew the water had put out the fires inside them, and they were dead. So then they turned on the hail—only half on, for fear of breaking people's windows—and after a while there were no more dragons to be seen moving.

Then the children knew that they were indeed the deliverers of their country.

"They will put up a monument to us," said Harry; "as high as Nelson's! All the dragons are dead."

"I hope the one that was waiting outside for us is dead!" said Effie; "and about the monument, Harry, I'm not so sure. What can they do with such a lot of dead dragons? It would take years and years to bury them, and they could never be burnt now they are so soaking wet. I wish the rain would wash them off into the sea."

But this did not happen, and the children began to feel that they had not been so frightfully clever after all.

"I wonder what this old thing's for," said Harry. He had found a rusty old tap, which seemed as though it had not been

used for ages. Its china label was quite coated over with dirt and cobwebs. When Effie had cleaned it with a bit of her skirt—for curiously enough both the children had come out without pocket-handkerchiefs—she found that the label said "*Waste*."

"Let's turn it on," she said; "it might carry off the dragons."

The tap was very stiff from not having been used for such a long time, but together they managed to turn it on, and then ran to the mirror to see what happened.

Already a great, round, black hole had opened in the very middle of the map of England, and the sides of the map were tilting themselves up, so that the rain ran down towards the hole.

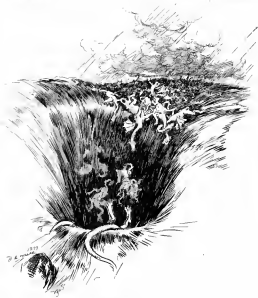
"Oh, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!" cried Effie, and she hurried back to the taps and turned on everything that seemed wet. "Showery," "Good open weather," "Nice growing weather for the crops," and even "South" and "South-West," because she had heard her father say that those winds brought rain.

And now the floods of rain were pouring down on the country, and great sheets of water flowed towards the centre of the map, and cataracts of water poured into the great round hole in the middle of the map; and the dragons were being washed away and disappearing down the waste-pipe in great green masses and scattered green shoals—single dragons and dragons by the dozen—of all sizes, from the ones that carry off elephants down to the ones that get in your tea.

And presently there was not a dragon left. So then they turned off the tap named "Waste," and they half-turned off the one labelled "Sunshine"—it was broken, so that they could not turn it off altogether—and they turned on "Fair to moderate" and "Showery" and both taps stuck, so that they could not be turned off, which accounts for our climate.

How did they get home again? By the Snowdon railway—of course.

And was the nation grateful? Well—the nation was very wet. And by the time the nation had got dry again it was interested in the new invention for toasting muffins by electricity, and all the dragons were almost forgotten. Dragons do not seem so important when they are dead and gone, and, you know, there never was a reward offered.



"DISASTROUS DESTRUCTION OF THE MOUNTAIN."

And what did father and mother say when Effie and Harry got home?

My dear, that is the sort of silly question you children always will ask. However, just for this once I don't mind telling you.

Mother said: "Oh, my darlings, my darlings, you're safe—you're safe! You naughty children—how could you be so d'sobedient? Go to bed at once!"

And their father the doctor said:—

"I wish I had known what you were going

to do! I should have liked to preserve a specimen. I threw away the one I got out of Effie's eye. I intended to get a more perfect specimen. I did not anticipate this immediate extinction of the species."

The professor said nothing, but he rubbed his hands. He had kept his specimen—the one the size of an earwig that he gave Harry half a crown for and he has it to this day.

You must get him to show it to you!

## Curiosities.\*

[We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.]

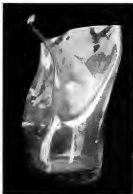
### A FACIAL STUDY.

The photographer's art is responsible for the curious study in faces reproduced herewith. You are not looking at the counterfeit presentations of three brothers, but of one and the same man, who, in the first instance, is with a moustache, in the second with a full beard, and in the third he is clean shaven. By covering the lower part of the face you will see the resemblance at once. The deception has been exceptionally well carried out, and it is curious to note the air of vigour that is imparted to the central face by the full beard. The gentleman in question is Mr. Robert Pfeffer, of Cincinnati, U.S.A. Of course, each portrait was taken at a different sitting, but all three were taken on the same day. The photo. was taken by Krieg, Cincinnati.



### CHRISTIANITY EMBRACING BUDDHISM.

This photograph is of very peculiar interest. It represents a scene in the churchyard of Badulla, Ceylon, that is now familiarly referred to as "Christianity Embracing Buddhism," and the reason is because of the association of the tombstone with the tree. The latter is the Bo-tree, the sacred tree of Buddhism, which in growing has carried the tombstone up bodily off the ground in the singular manner seen in the photograph. The tombstone was erected about 1840, but it has been on the tree like this now for many years. The photograph was forwarded by Mr. H. B. Christie, Ceylon Civil Service, Badulla, Ceylon.



### A MELTED TUMBLER.

It is a somewhat difficult matter to trace any similarity to an ordinary glass tumbler in the odd-shaped article seen in our next photograph, but such was its original mission. It was found standing on a tank outside the premises of Messrs. Goodchild and Co., of Vryburg, after a fire had destroyed their premises, having been reduced to this shape by the heat. The photograph was sent in by Mr. W. Kloos, photographer, of Vryburg.





HELPING ATLAS.

Mr. Frank H. Williams, of 14, Duffell Lane, Cannon Street, E.C., in sending the accompanying snap-shot, writes: "Inclosed is a photograph of myself turning head-over-heels for the amusement of a few friends, which photo. I think a fitting companion to 'A Candidate for Apoplexy' in a recent number. The picture was taken by my brother on a hot afternoon last summer." Mr. Williams seems to have taken root in his odd posture, but a still funnier effect is obtained if the picture is held upside down, for then he appears to be trying to help Atlas in holding the world up, only that his footing is somewhat uncertain.

## A REMARKABLE ADDRESS.

Our next photograph is a facsimile of an

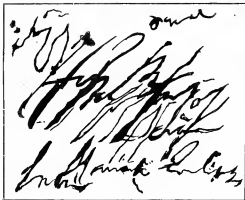
address on a letter that found its way from Spain to the G.P.O., St. Martin's-le-Grand. Remarkable as it may seem, this specimen of handwriting was deciphered by "the blind man of St. Martin's," and the letter safely reached its destination. It is addressed to the "Spanish Ambassador (or Embassy), London." We wonder how many of our readers would enjoy having to decipher scrawl like this. Even the Post Office expert was undecided about one word, and alludes to either Ambassador or Embassy. This specimen of illegibility in addresses was taken from the scrap-book of Post Office curiosities, collected by one who was employed at the G.P.O. for upwards of fifty years, the photograph itself being sent in by Mr. C. W. Gott, 7, Leybourne Terrace, Stockton-on-Tees.



Queen Victoria Monument, London.

## A LOYAL MONUMENT.

This is not a photograph of some granite monolith or an obelisk of marble erected by skilled hands and requiring days of toil. Like the mushroom, it sprang up in a single night, and is made entirely of soap-boxes, with a pole through the centre as a support. This "monument" was built to commemorate the Queen's Jubilee by the firm of W. Gosage and Sons, of Widnes, and adorned the square of that loyal borough during Jubilee week. Many hundreds of boxes were used in its construction. The height (60ft.) was intended to represent the length of the reign of Her Majesty. Mr. Herbert W. Pates, of Widnes, is the sender of this interesting photograph.





A HOUSE OF PORCUPINE QUILLS.

The pretty little model of a house shown in our next photograph is made of porcupine quills, and is the handiwork of a retired gentleman, Mr. Jorbert, of Grand Reinet, Cape Colony, who devoted the leisure hours of a whole year to its construction. Between 30,000 and 40,000 brass pins were used in fixing the quills together, and the house has a straw roof. The dimensions of the little domicile are 2ft. 6in. by 3ft. 6in., and it stands in a huge glass case. It was exhibited at the Kimberley Exhibition of 1892, and also at Pretoria. The photograph was sent to us by Graham Botha, the fifteen-year-old son of a Dutch Bokamer, living at St. Stephen's Paragon, Cape Town.

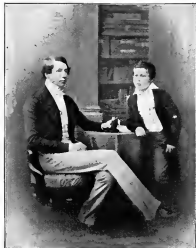
A BIG FAMILY.

The accompanying photograph represents Mr. T. H. Norman, of the Post Office Department, at Washington, D.C., and his family, consisting of his wife and fifteen children, all girls. The parents have had seventeen children altogether, but two died, one boy and one girl. There are no twins in the family. The eldest was twenty-five years and the youngest nineteen months old at the time the photograph was taken. Norman is a coloured man, forty-five years of age, and his wife is about the same age. His salary is only fifty-five dollars a month, and yet he has managed to educate all his children old enough to receive an education. His family reside at Montgomery, Fayette Co., West Virginia, and the picture—which was sent in by Mr. A. B. Hart, Washington—shows a portion of their home.

## TRANSPORTATION OF DUCKS.

A novel method of transporting ducks, in operation in Szabolcska, in Hungary, is shown in the accompanying photograph. In place of the usual crate a sack is obtained, in which a number of holes are cut; through these the heads of the unfortunate birds are thrust. In the photograph we are able to reproduce, thanks to the courtesy of Mr. Ernest C. Jeffery, of 20, North Park Road, Manningsham, it will be seen that the birds have settled down in their confined quarters, but when they are first taken out of the train the noise they make may be better imagined than described, and the helpless struggles of the imprisoned birds are really most comical.





GENERAL GORDON AS A BOY.

Very particular interest is attached to our next photograph, which we are privileged to reproduce in these pages, thanks to the courtesy of Mrs. Jeannette Fothergill, of Park House, Fimborough, Stowmarket. The boy on the right is General Gordon when eleven years of age, and the gentleman seated in the chair is his uncle, General Samuel E. Gordon, aged twenty. The photograph from which our reproduction is made was copied from a daguerreotype taken in July, 1844. Young Gordon's picture gives one the impression that he was a true type of the English schoolboy of the period, as he was the true type of an English gentleman and a soldier in after years.

#### A LONG-DISTANCE PHOTO.

Mr. Clifford L. Higgins, of Duluth, Minn., U.S.A., in sending this photograph, writes: "It is a view taken with a 4 by 5 camera, ordinary lens, of a tug and barque at a distance of one and a half miles from the camera. The hill on which the latter was placed was about 400ft. above the level of the water. The scene was taken at this great distance by placing a 3ft. telescope directly on to the front end of the lens, the snap-shot being made at the moment the boats got into the field of view." The hazy effects surrounding the picture are caused by the telescope cylinder; but the result is certainly very curious, and the experiment is one which everyone can easily try for himself.

#### A CURIOUS ICICLE.

Our next photograph speaks for itself. It shows a curious form of icicle that grew upwards as the result of one night's severe frost in February last. It was photographed by Mr. W. E. Daw, of Church Street, King's Lynn, on the morning of February 28th, 1899. The tap was situated in a stable-yard, surrounded by high walls and houses, in the midst of a town. It is interesting to notice the firm foot the icicle stands upon, and,



gradually creeping upwards, has nearly reached the dripping tap. By ten o'clock, Mr. Daw says, the temperature had risen so much that the icicle quickly melted.



## A ROLLING LEAP.

It is claimed that by jumping in the singular manner shown in the three snap-shots here reproduced, a much greater height



can be cleared than in the ordinary way, but it is not a method that we would advise even moderately good athletes to attempt without a lot of practice beforehand at small heights. The snap-shots show the jumper in three different positions: first, rising; second, clearing the bar; and third, breaking the fall with the arms. He cleared the height of 5 ft. 4 in. on this occasion—not a record leap by any means, but just a fair average specimen. The critical moment comes at the point of alighting, for the jumper has to take care to fall, not on his head, but on the back of the neck.



A STREET AT NIGHT.

The photograph of a street scene here reproduced was taken at midnight by Mr. Fred. S. Gatterson, from a window in the San Francisco Press Club. It was given an exposure of an hour. The portion of Ellis Street shown in the picture was crowded with pedestrians, cabs, and street cars, yet none of them appear in the photograph. The white streak in the centre of the street was caused by the trolley-car head-lights, and the protuberances in the thread show where the cars stopped. On the extreme right a cupola of the Baldwin Hotel is visible, and a little to the left of the centre may be seen the top of the San Francisco *Morning Call* building, a twenty-one story skyscraper. The clock-tower of the *Morning Chronicle* structure shows up on the left. The night was unusually dark, and a large number of arc lamps were burning in the street.



A NATURAL LIKENESS.

We have an infinite variety of photographs sent in to us of curious natural formations in stones, but very few reach the excellence of the one reproduced herewith. This is a piece of flint picked up on the beach at Folkestone, and the resemblance it bears to a dog's head is most remarkable. We have had an opportunity of inspecting it for ourselves at these offices. It has not been touched up in the least degree, even the white of the eye being quite a natural chalk formation. The photograph was sent in by Miss Ida Smith, 24, Pandora Road, West Hampstead.

## A TOWER FROM TWO POINTS OF VIEW.

Both these photographs are views of the water-tower at Reading, Mass., U.S.A., only, of course, taken from two totally different points. In the one we see the tower as it looks at a distance; in the other we are looking directly upitsside. In the latter case the camera was held close to the base of the tower, and pointing vertically to the top. The tower is 100ft. high to the railing, and about 90ft. in diameter. The sender of the photos is Mr. Arthur V. Pillsbury, Reading, Mass., U.S.A.



## THE EFFECT OF A DIVE.

This is a snap-shot of a dive, but the diver has disappeared, and the camera just caught the hollow he made in the water with the subsequent splashing caused by the waters meeting in the middle of the depression. Sender of photo, Mr. Harrison R. Steeres, c/o Messrs. Church, E. Gates and Co., 138th Street and 4th Avenue, New York, U.S.A.

## HARVEST OF THE SEA FESTIVAL.

Most chapels and churches include a festival of thanksgiving for the harvest of the land amongst the prescribed celebrations of the year, but at the Old Wesley Chapel, Bourne Street, Hastings, they hold a harvest of the sea festival. The accompanying photograph—which has been forwarded by Mr. Frank W. Barlow, of Rock House, Nelson Road, Hastings—is an interior view of the chapel, showing the decorations for the festival that was held last year. All round the gallery are hung real fishing nets, whilst suspended underneath at intervals are bowls of live gold-fish.

The miscellaneous collection of articles adorning the pulpit and its immediate surroundings, comprise models of ships, sea pictures, stuffed sea birds, shells, etc., the whole effect being excellent. Most of the decorations are kindly lent by the fisherfolk who attend the chapel, and the greatest interest is evinced in the day's proceedings. Another curious feature of this old chapel is that many years ago it was a theatre, and there still remain two galleries, one above the other; the top one, however, not being often used.

